



PRISM 1977






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**PRISM 1977**

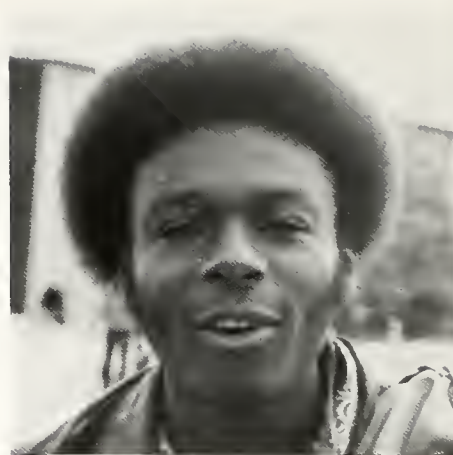
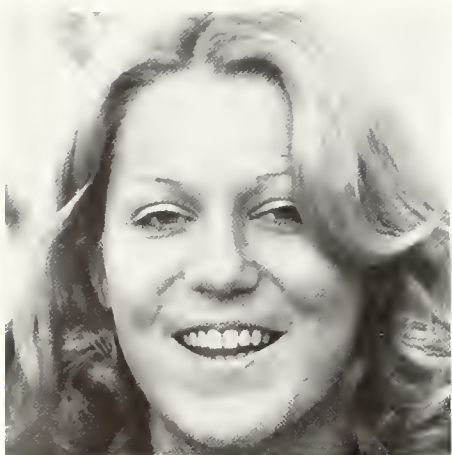
**CALVIN COLLEGE**

**Grand Rapids, Michigan**



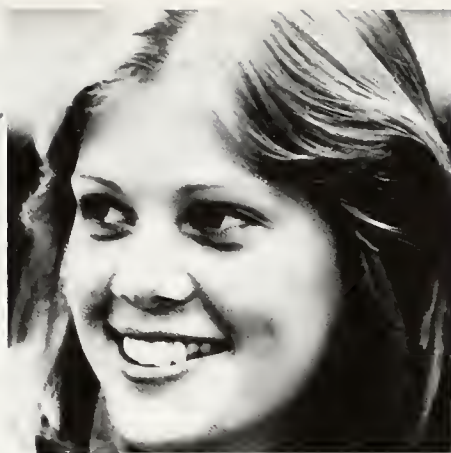


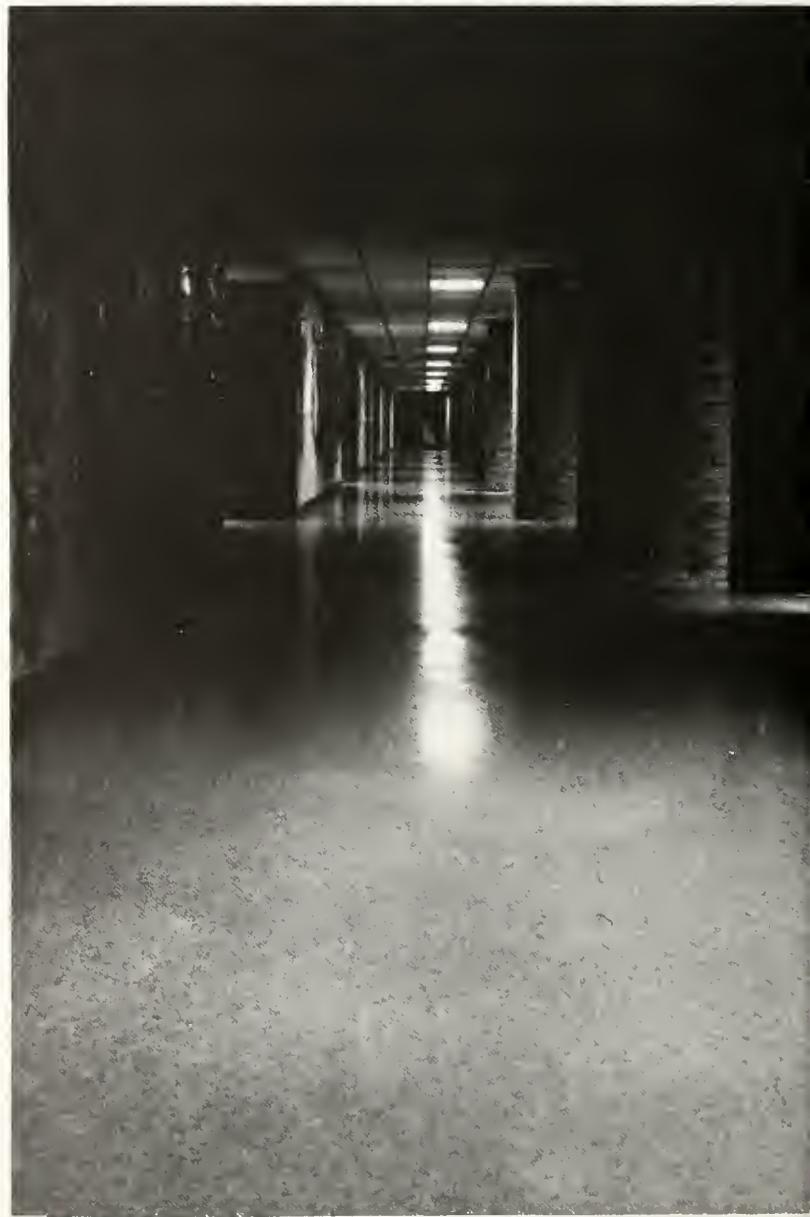
We came.



People  
From different places  
for different reasons,  
we came to Calvin. Our  
decision brought us  
together.











We encountered a unique  
world of brick, steel, and  
glass.





. . . and learned  
To adjust to it.









What we saw we remembered,







a glimpse of others.











Though we had differences  
we were united.







Thus began  
Calvin's 101st  
year . . .





rising to the challenge of the next hundred years









The year  
began



in  
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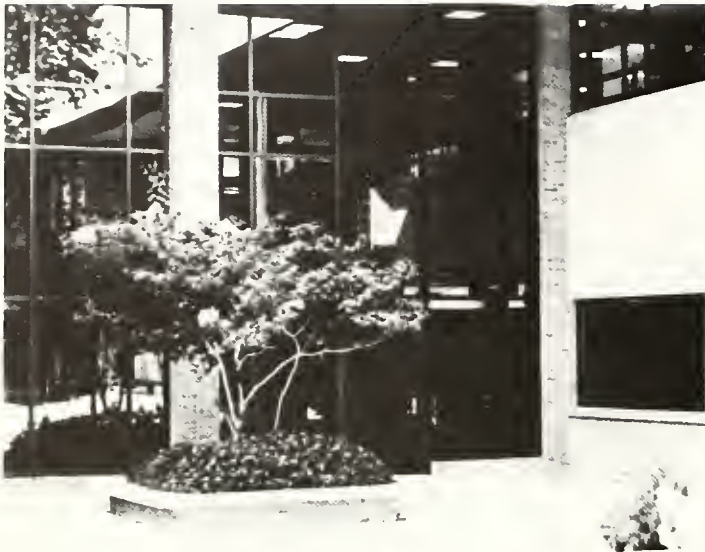




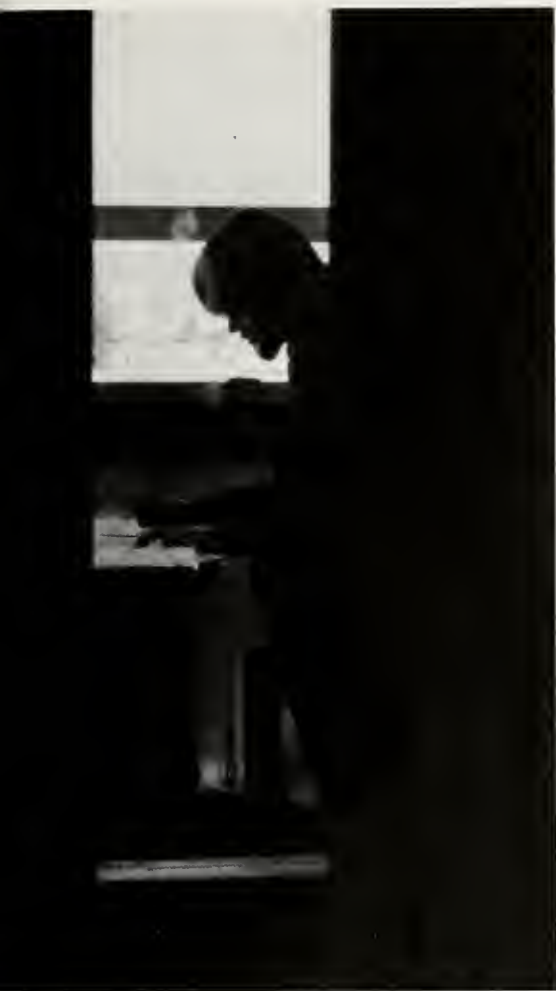


and  
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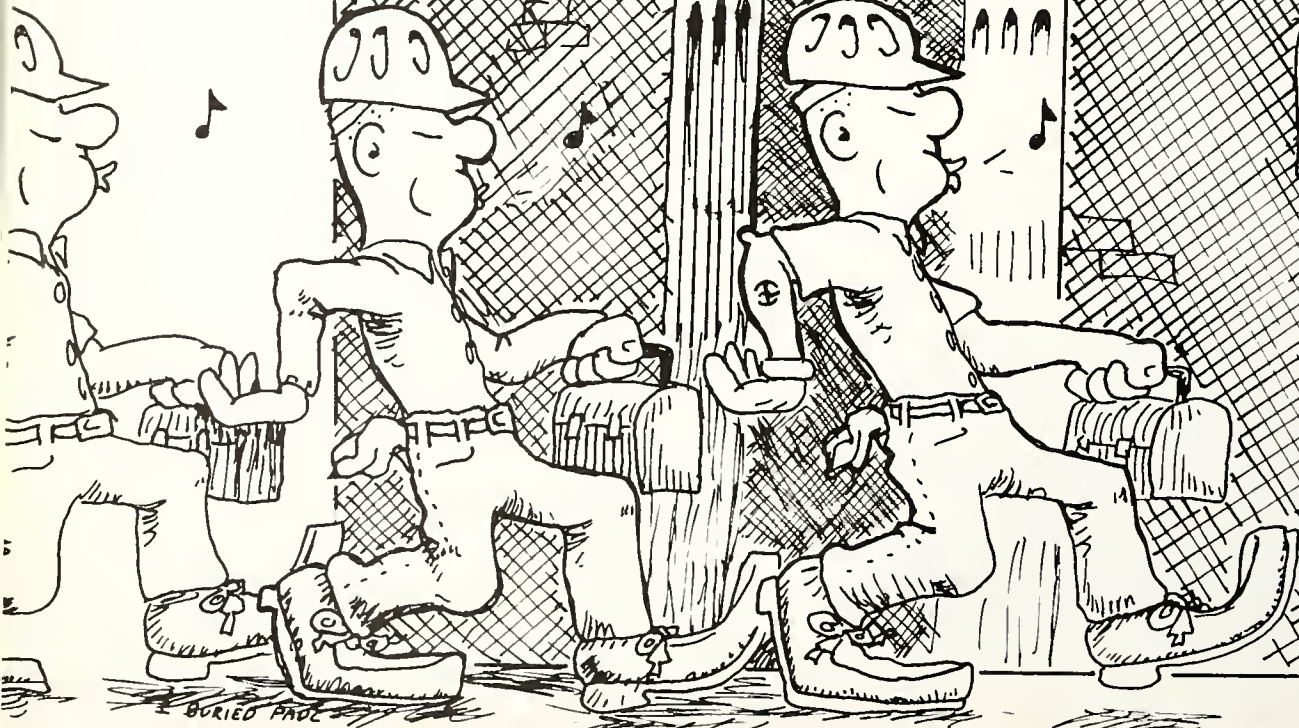
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# ADMINISTRATION IN GEAR

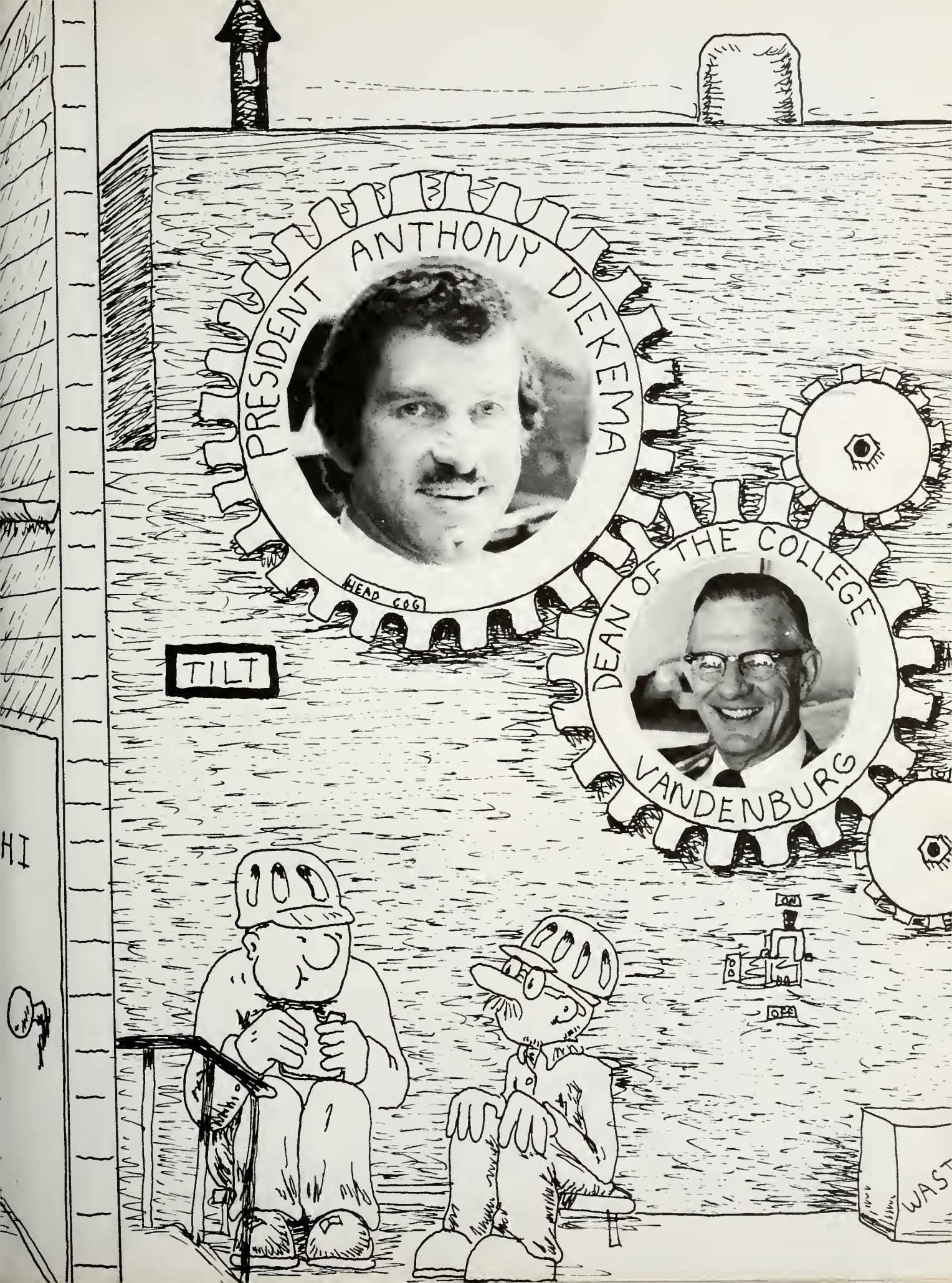
Prism Co.

CALVIN'S INSTITUTES

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PRESIDENT ANTHONY DIEKEMA

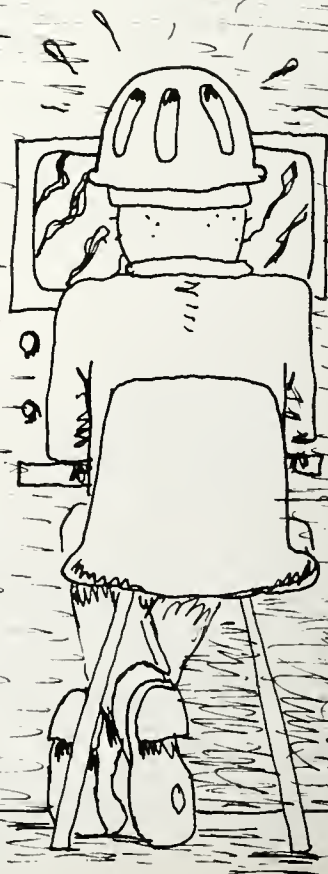
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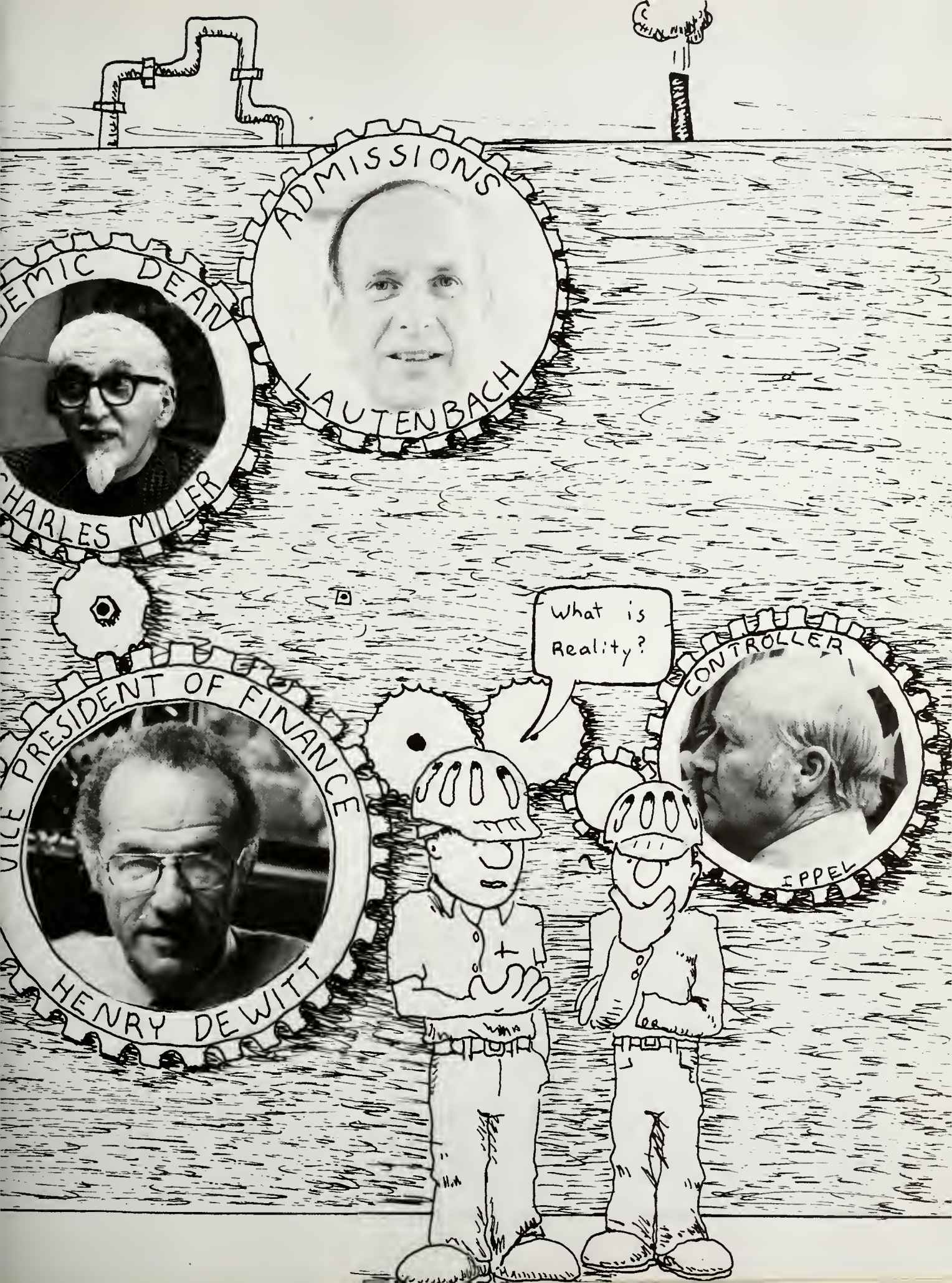
DEAN OF THE COLLEGE VANDENBURG

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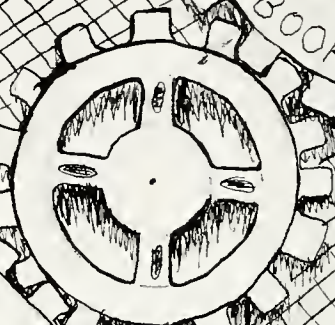




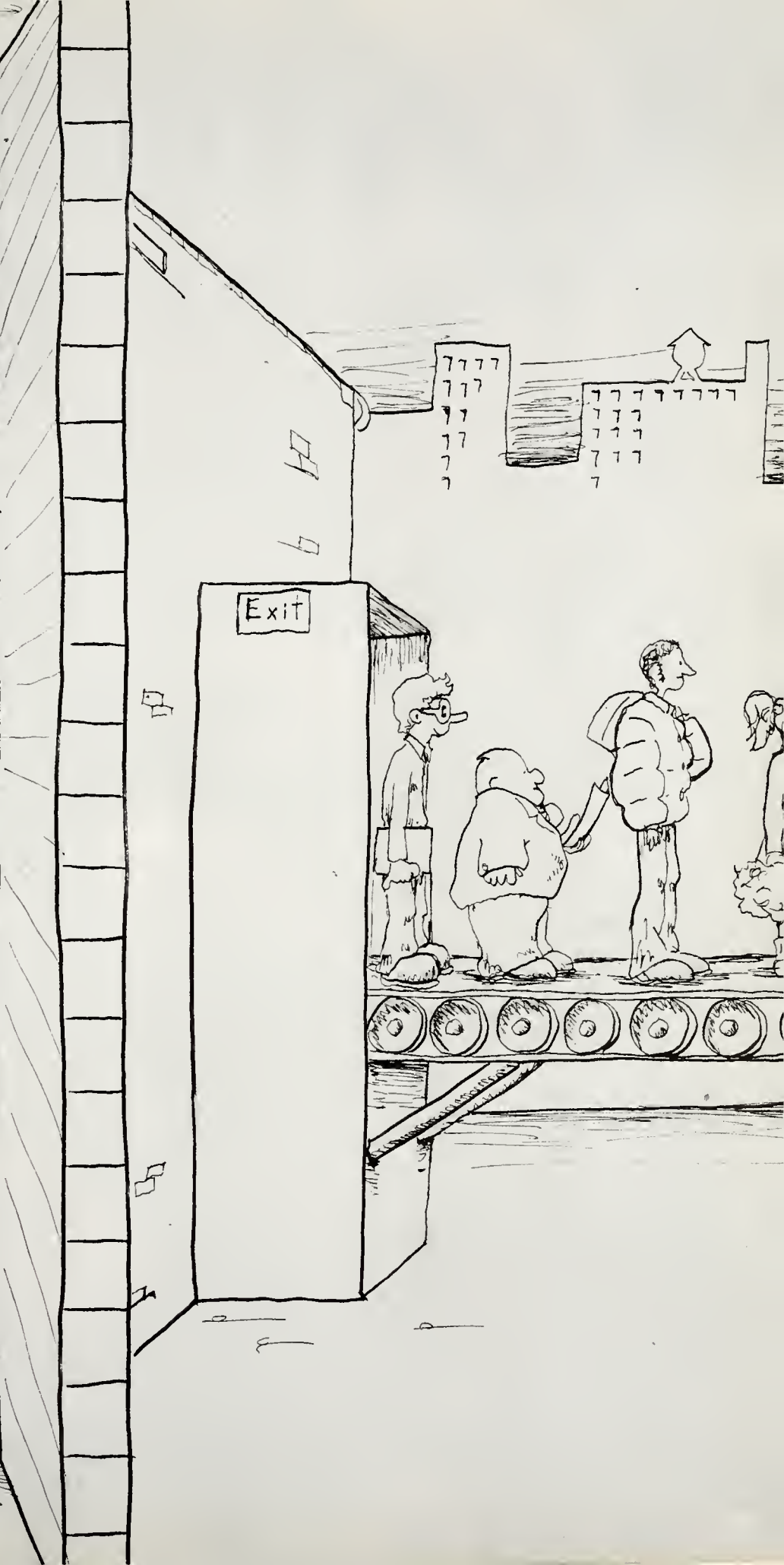






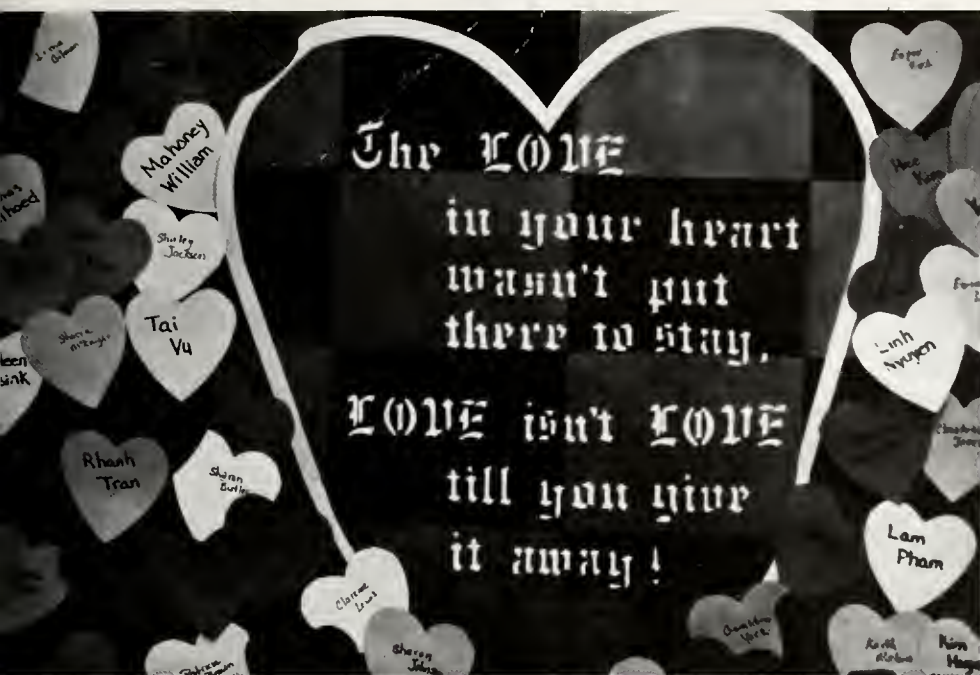












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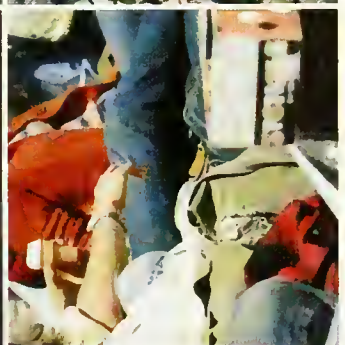


# ONLY 132 MORE PAGES TO THE JOE AVERAGE SPECIAL SECTION.

— Don't skip ahead







FALL SPORTS



# SOCCER

The sport of soccer not only requires endurance (running constantly for 90 minutes), and coordination unparalleled in any other sport, but also instinct and ingenuity bordering on a sports "aesthetic." The ability to know where the ball will be and to react before the play begins are qualities which cannot be taught by a coach but can only be brought out through practice. When this individual intuitiveness is combined among the group a unique experience of a "collective instinct" happens. Such was the case with Calvin's outstanding soccer team this season. Their 10-0 record made them the league champions. Incredible performances were turned in by seniors Rog King, Bob Mills, Dan Pranger, Dan De Witt, and Brian Sikkinga, but it was the team concept that made the Calvin Soccer team such a successful organization.



















# CROSS COUNTRY



Structure demands function. Man as a structure is built in a large sense for running. It is not surprising therefore that man has been running ever since he was made. Such a syllogism is the basis for cross country at Calvin. This year students like Tim Zwier, Justin Wilson, Phil Vannette, Doug Jager, Garry and Larry Quakkelaar ran in 11 meets and in innumerable practices. The result was an overall record of 4-2 in the league standings and second place in the MIAA. But aside from the standings there was another dimension to the sport. The reason running is becoming as popular in the U.S. now as it is in Europe, is the fact that the thrill of running through natural countryside is unmatched in any other sport. Even the simple act of running can be an exciting and rewarding event by itself.







## FIELD HOCKEY

Field Hockey is a sport where the team concept is very important. The Calvin girl's field hockey team was very proficient in playing as a team. It paid off in their record: 4 wins and 2 losses in league play. Their ability to handle their rods dexterously made them a successful organization in a sport where the object sometimes appears to be hitting the opponent in the shins as hard as you can. The leading players in this endeavor were Jo Kamphuis, Alice DeJong, Lol Baker, Bonnie Knaack, Sandy Zwiep, and Sue Bosch.















# VOLLEYBALL

Volleyball is a sport recognized for the skill and technique involved. Much practice and lots of hard work make a good solid team. The players all represented their alma mater well; each team member had an influence on the team. I can't believe you're still reading this article. This team shined with a winning season as well as good team morale. Coach Hoesh enjoyed working with this team. "This team had skill and spirit, skill to help us win and spirit to give us a good attitude whether winning or losing."







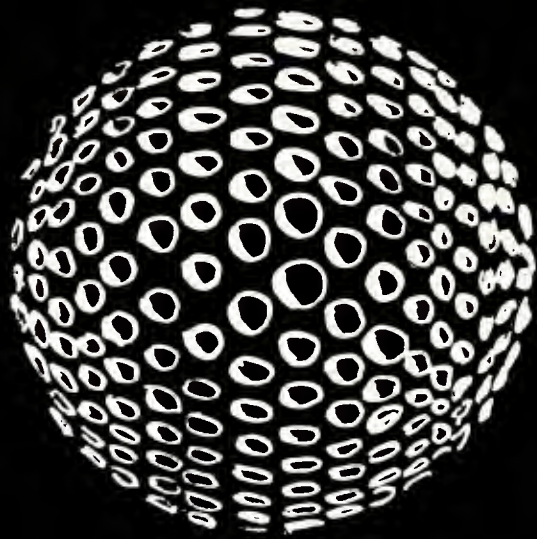
# GOLF

The golf team serves as the competitive outlet for men who have substantial skill in the sport. Though the team's league record was 1-5, they placed third in the Ferris invitational and fourth in the Hope invitational. The Dutch "Arnold Palmer" was led by ball smasher Pete "Muscles" Zwier. Other noteworthy golfers included Junior Gary Van Dyken, John Wiers, and Senior John Menninga who has been stroking those balls for four years on the team.











## THE BLOOD DRIVE





# THESPIANS





## THE ROYAL WAY





# HALLOWEEN, CALVIN STYLE





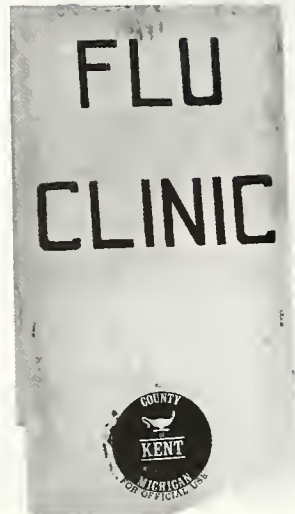




## FALL MUSIC FESTIVAL









## SWINE FLU VACCINATION

Mid November  
Drugs for All!





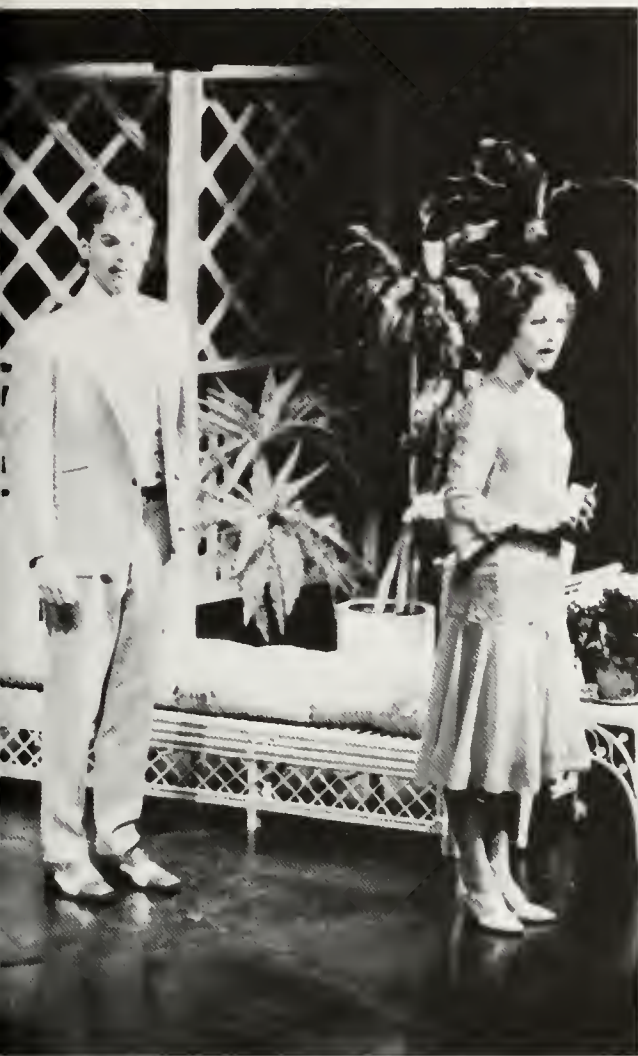
# Sonny Brownie Terry McGee

~ And ~









## In November Thespians

"The old believe everything, the middle-aged suspect everything, the young know everything."

- Oscar Wilde

# THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST





# FALLING IN LOVE



Clauss Vander Vander was a junior at Calvin. He was normal, in a way, but in one thing he was rather unusual. This thing was women. Oh he knew they existed but he never seemed to have gotten the idea that they were anything except targets for his 64 Rambler or a well placed tennis shoe in the back on the stairwells in the science building. He'd seen couples on

campus walking to class arm in arm and once or twice he noticed cars parked behind the P.E. building with the windows steamed up. He just never made the connection.

Well, I was his roommate and I wanted to look after Clauss a little. After all, he had saved me from a V.D. Rumble and that makes up for a lot in my book. One day when he got

# AT CALVIN



back from his earth science class I decided it was time to help my roommate out.

"Clauss, I just got my Bod-book. Want to check out the chicks?"

"If I want to check out any chicks I'll slip into Bolt with my master-key some night," he said, "and scare them all into straight jackets."

I could see that the brainy approach would have no effect on Clauss at all. I was going to have to be sneaky, devious and subtle. But after getting into the B.F.A. program I knew that would be the easy part.

The problem was to find a girl at Calvin who was Clauss's type. She had to be tough, selfish and vindictive. However, since I didn't know



any Canadians it wasn't going to be simple.

Then it happened. It was almost like a direct answer from above, even though I hadn't asked above. I figured the big guy upstairs had all he could handle getting me out of Kuiper's English 212 alive. I was rounding the corner on the south side of the F.A.C. when I slammed into this little brunette. We went down in a tangle of elbows and legal pads, lucky for me I stunned her. The best she could do was give me a short left jab in the kidneys.

"Get off me you jerk or I'll rip your lungs

out!"

"Hey I'm really sorry. I didn't see you. Let me help you up."

"Touch me and you're a dead man, four eyes."

With that she picked herself up and vanished into that mysterious room marked with the legend Women.

Later I went through the Bod-book to find out who she was. I got lucky. I found her right away in the freshmen. Her name? Susan Muckema. A quick check in the directory told me she was



from Sandusky, Ohio.

My last problem was to get Clauss and this Susan Muckema together. I had to really do some heavy investigating to find out her class routine. She had slammed into me at 12:24 on a Wednesday. That probably means she's got an 11:30 class in the F.A.C. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. It checked out and I began arranging their little meeting.

It was easy to persuade Clauss to be in the F.A.C. on Monday at 12:15. I just told him this one chick had tripped me, gave me the finger

and then ran away laughing insanely. As far as women go Clauss'll believe anything. He thought we were going to do one of his famous "numbers" on this chick. What he didn't know was that I was playing Cupid; for the sake of all future Rumbles at V.D., I prayed he never would.

The bell rang, people started pouring out of room 220 and we waited around the corner. Muckema rounded the corner, but that's as far as she got. Expertly Clauss stuck his size 13's between her feet and she went down with a





crash.

I'm not too clear about what happened next. She lay very still on the cold linoleum floor moaning softly and holding her wrist. Clauss stepped next to her and nudging her with his toe said,

"Next time Muckema trip somebody your own size."

Clauss was way too close. She lashed up with her boot and sent Clauss crashing into that big

green painting on the wall. She was up in a flash and I don't know where that switchblade she had came from but I wasn't sticking around to find out. Just before I went into warp drive I saw Clauss grab a two by four from the shattered picture frame and bellow,

"Gimme your best shot Muckema cause it's gonna be your last!"

The rest is history. About twenty minutes later there was a thud outside our room and I



opened the door. There was Clauss head against the wall, a long gash across his bib-overalls and mumbling, "What a woman!" "What a woman!"

"Clauss are you alright?"

He looked at me and for the first time I saw on his face that dazed cow-like expression most of the guys wore when they were around their woman.

"Joe, I'm in love. That little girl from San-

dusky is the greatest thing that's ever happened to me. You've got to get yourself one. I just came back to tell you I'm taking her out tonight to pound a few beers."

"Snork, weeze, cough, Huh?" I said.

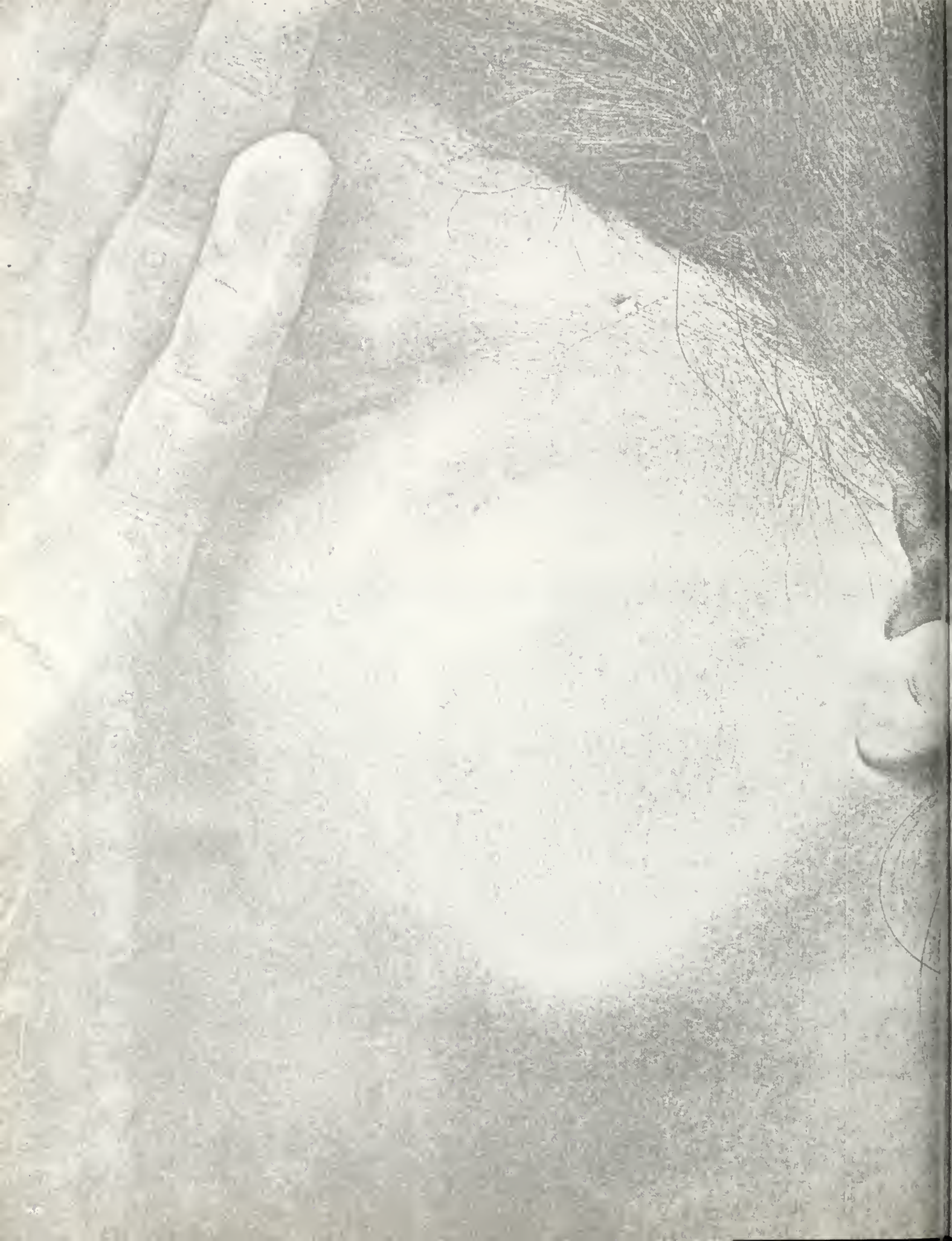
"You bet, Joe. See ya."

"See ya Clauss."

As I closed the door I smiled and thought, "And they say the spirit doesn't move at Calvin College."









# POLITICS 1976

As you can tell by the heading this is the politics article. It's about politics. What do I know about politics? Good question I wish I had a good answer. ("Hey Jerry, I don't know how long I can keep this up." "Brian, don't worry. DePont and Henry are going to be the only ones who read this anyway.")

By the time you read this Jimmy Carter will be President. He defeated the favorite son of Grand Rapids, Gerald R. Ford.

We might know by now if it turned out for the best, then again we might not.

But, even if we are better off, it won't last long. It's only a matter of time before the aliens take over. That's right, aliens! They've been living in my trailer park since 1949. Don't let NASA fool you with those stories about gamma from Jupiter. They're just clever lies and deception. Don't think all this talk from Carter about honesty and a new





. . . morality in government is going to change things. Do you know why Carter smiles so much? He's on the verge of hysteria. I'm on the verge of hysteria, and if you don't like this I'm in a LOT of trouble. If you want my opinion I think the aliens disguised themselves as voting booths and gave the election to Carter. They knew that one push and that Georgia basket case will go right over the edge.

Take my advice, move to Canada. It's way too cold for the aliens to survive up there. But don't get over confident. By 1980 they'll have

perfected their giant heat rays and melt the polar ice caps. Make sure to take your surf-board so you can ride the tidal wave to Mexico.

Right now I'd say that learning to swim is a heck of a lot more important than registering to vote.

If you think that the people you are living with might be aliens here is a list of procedures to follow to find out.

1) Get them to stand in front of a mirror. If there is no reflection they're aliens.



2) Kiss them passionately on the lips. If smoke escapes from the left ear you scored an alien. If she kisses you back passionately you scored anyway.

3) Observe their eating habits. If you see them secretly conversing with scrambled eggs they are definitely extra-terrestrial.

Now you might say, what does all this have to do with today's political situation. But, that's not the point. How often do I get a chance to warn people? Chimes won't print me. I must have written a dozen letters to the Grand Rapids Press. You

can forget about Dialogue. They're already under alien control.

When they knock on your door in the dead of night don't say I didn't warn you.

With these events in mind, we can see that the Presidential election of 1976 had a profound impact on the Calvin community. With a democrat in the White House for the next 4 years, we have the opportunity to pull out of the financial recession, heal the wounds of the Vietnam war, and drive the aliens back to outer space.



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# STOP!!



O.K., O.K., this is your chance. We were going to have an article on student apathy but it never got written. It's not our fault. Let's put some of the blame on the student body.

We've been hearing all the complaints. Frankly we've had it. Prism's too artsy, Prism's not artistic enough, it's this, it's that. Well the next two pages are up to you. Do whatever you want. Write, draw, take funny pictures, do something, do nothing, we're not responsible and to be blunt we don't care.









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NOTE: The REAL yearbook was done in chronological order.



# THE ORGANIZATIONS





Traditionally, the new editorial "regime" took over operation of the weekly newspaper after Spring Break in April of 1976. Editors Linda Bieze and Marilyn Tanis were the first women editors since 1968.

CHIMES started off its year taking on two venerable institutions: Calvin's student Senate, and the Grand Rapids PRESS. Their analysis was investigative and their journalism professional. Among other issues unearthed by CHIMES were alleged ideological bias in the Economics Department, the role of women in the Christian Reformed denomination the stands of area congressional candidates Hal Sawyer and Richard Vander Veen, and the Knotty problem of education in the film

## CHIMES





arts precipitated by the controversy over Stanley Kubrik's *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE*.

CHIMES also continued to battle student illiteracy by presenting analytical reviews of new novels, films, drama and records appealing to every taste from classical through jazz to rock.

In the 70's, an era of apathy and maintenance of the status quo, "consciousness-raising and all that" seems to be failing, the picture for CHIMES is not bleak. CHIMES has begun to see itself as a legitimate workshop for aspiring journalists; whose names may someday appear in professional newspapers and journals..

Linda Bieze





dialogue  
dialogue  
dialogue  
dialogue





The function of the publication Dialogue is not to provide reading material that everyone likes. For dialogue to be worthwhile it is not essential that the majority of students "like" it. The regime of this school year sought to stimulate its readers by sophisticated (perhaps slick) articles, contemporary art, and cathartic poems. Though it wasn't read as widely as hoped, this was not due to any fault of the editors. Dialogue's purpose remained intact. Though ax-grinding students were heard claiming it as the only therapeutic outlet for the lunatic fringe at Calvin. Others were heard proclaiming dialogue as the most aesthetic kindling material during our cold Grand Rapids winter.

Last year's Dialogue format was continued in an endeavor to produce cohesive, unified issues centering on a particular issue or theme. (Of course having friends on the staff never hurts. How do you think I got this job?)

Anyway, I believe I am losing control of my medium as a writer. (I've got to cut out that goat cheese before bed). Somehow this all relates to something somewhere. I refrain from any kind of harsh criticisms for fear of any vicious editorial reprisals. They were stimulating to read: besides a month without Dialogue is like a day without yogurt.





# PRISM 1977

Oasis of Insanity



How can we explain something that just plain old got out of hand. Things just seemed to have a mind of their own. What we mean to say is that the girls on campus don't really carry switch-blades, Dean Stob didn't drive Jerry Talen to leap to his death from the College Center. As a matter of fact Jerry just told me to rewrite this article right now because he thought we were being too apologetic. After all, what did you do to get this yearbook done? You never stayed up until all hours of the night or morning in an office with no chairs. We were the ones fighting the deadlines. We tried, Lord knows. We're sorry, it won't happen again.







For those people who find their artistic creativity limited by official college organizations, or if you don't have any friends on Dialogue staff, there are the independent student guilds.

Drama, music, dance, writing and visual arts

guilds sponsor workshops and produce coffee shop entertainment considered, in some circles, as too hot for the administration to handle officially. The money diverted to the students keeps them happy, and if anything goes wrong the administra-



tion can't be held responsible. This all works fine up to a point. However it would be too embarrassing to the guilds to reveal where that point is.

# FINE ARTS GUILDS

DANCE • MUSIC • VISUAL ARTS • WRITERS • DRAMA





THE CALVIN COLLEGE

# K.I.D.S.

PROGRAM



Grand Rapids - where is it, what is that to the Calvin community? It's people - who are they to the students at Calvin?

When an answer is attempted, many dimensions are to be considered. Superficially, several immediate responses come to mind. To be sure, Grand Rapids is a post office to which "I miss you" care packages are sent. Yes, most definitely, Calvin's utility bills are paid in part through tuition paid by earnings gathered at Meijer's or Gantos. There is more.

Grand Rapids is life for nearly 200,000 people! It is a place to work; it is a place where working is not possible. It is a place to learn to read; it is a place where attempts to learn to read dry up and blow away. It is a place to try to "be like my dad;" it is a place where his dad is not. It is a place to live safely, warmly and serenely; it is a place to live in fear . . . and trembling (because the house is too cold).

Grand Rapids is people!

Does Calvin count? Must it figure in the Grand Rapids' life of fulfillment and frustration?

It does - it must. It does because there are no scissors big enough to completely cut off "Calcrest" farm from Grand Rapids. It must because a majority of us citizens of the Calvin community hold two other citizenships as well: We live in Grand Rapids AND we are citizens of God's Kingdom.

Our triple citizenship brings upon us countless responsibilities. Not the least of them is that which this year compelled over 600 Calvin students to stick their necks out far enough so they got pretty close to a high school junior who could not read the front page; or the couple in their 80's who were shivering because their doors and windows were so drafty their house could not be heated past 52F.









Calvin College is chartered to provide higher education to its students. However, its responsibility goes beyond that legal obligation. Calvin is something more than a miniature Michigan State University. It is a place where Christians gather to teach and learn something of God's world and its inhabitants. For the thirteenth consecutive year the K.I.D.S. Program again contributed significantly to that process.

As a student organization, K.I.D.S. continued to provide opportunities of Christian service to our neighbors in need. Supported by a dedicated staff, 600 students tutored, repaired, befriended, and shared. They did so for many reasons, no one has tried to count them. This however is known: 600 students served and 600 students learned. There you have it! Learning about God's world and its inhabitants happened at the very same time many hundreds of people were served.

This is Grand Rapids - and Calvin is very much within it and its people.



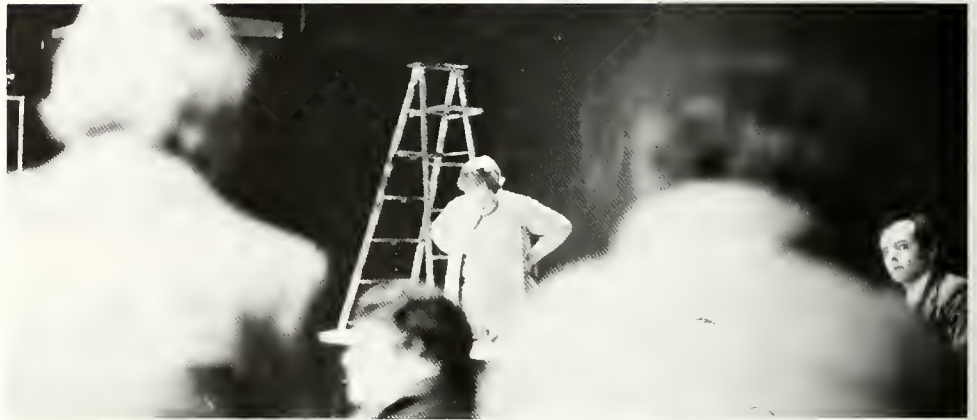


## CAPELLA











## THESPIANS





# STUDENT

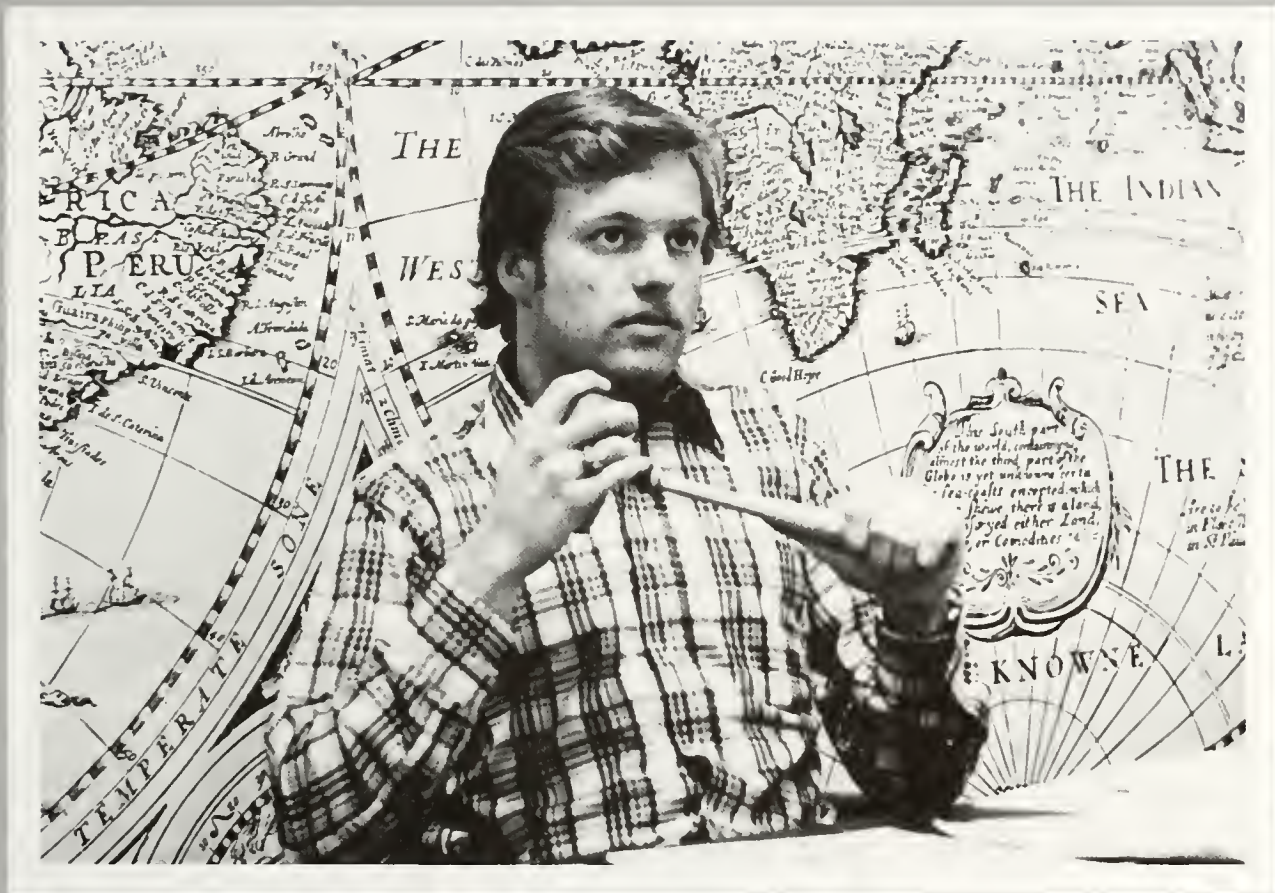


This past year has been a special year for the Student Senate, for it was a year of reflection. Senate took a close look at itself and thought about its function at Calvin College. The Senate realized the need for revision and recognized the need to bring itself closer to the students and become a service and not a farce for the student body. We wanted to organize the students on Faculty Committees (College

Committees) and build a new structure to allow greater communication and influence from these student committee members. In the midst of fighting student apathy, a Senate Revision Committee was formed to study the need for change and reorganization and to develop a more effective Student Senate.

Besides the additional task of revision, Senate performed many of its traditional

# SENATE



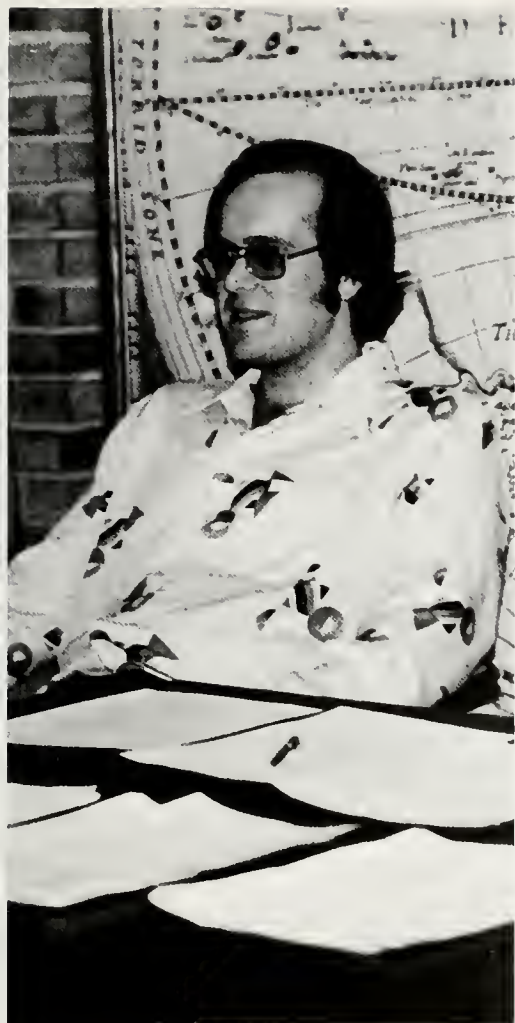
actions throughout the year. The service of two used book sales was provided, enabling students to sell and purchase used books. We ran into difficulties trying to sponsor "big name" concerts, so we attempted to take a new approach towards concerts and tried to sponsor a variety of small concerts. Student interest was, however, insufficient to continue the program extensively. Other services were provided such as getting more

lights in the Beltline parking lot, a photo in the library lobby, and a Calvin outdoor ice rink. As is true with most Senate regimes the most that was done was that of spending hours in meetings, learning the inefficiency of bureaucracy and the hassles of red tape. . . . At least it was a good experience.

Bruce Van Dommelen S.B.P.









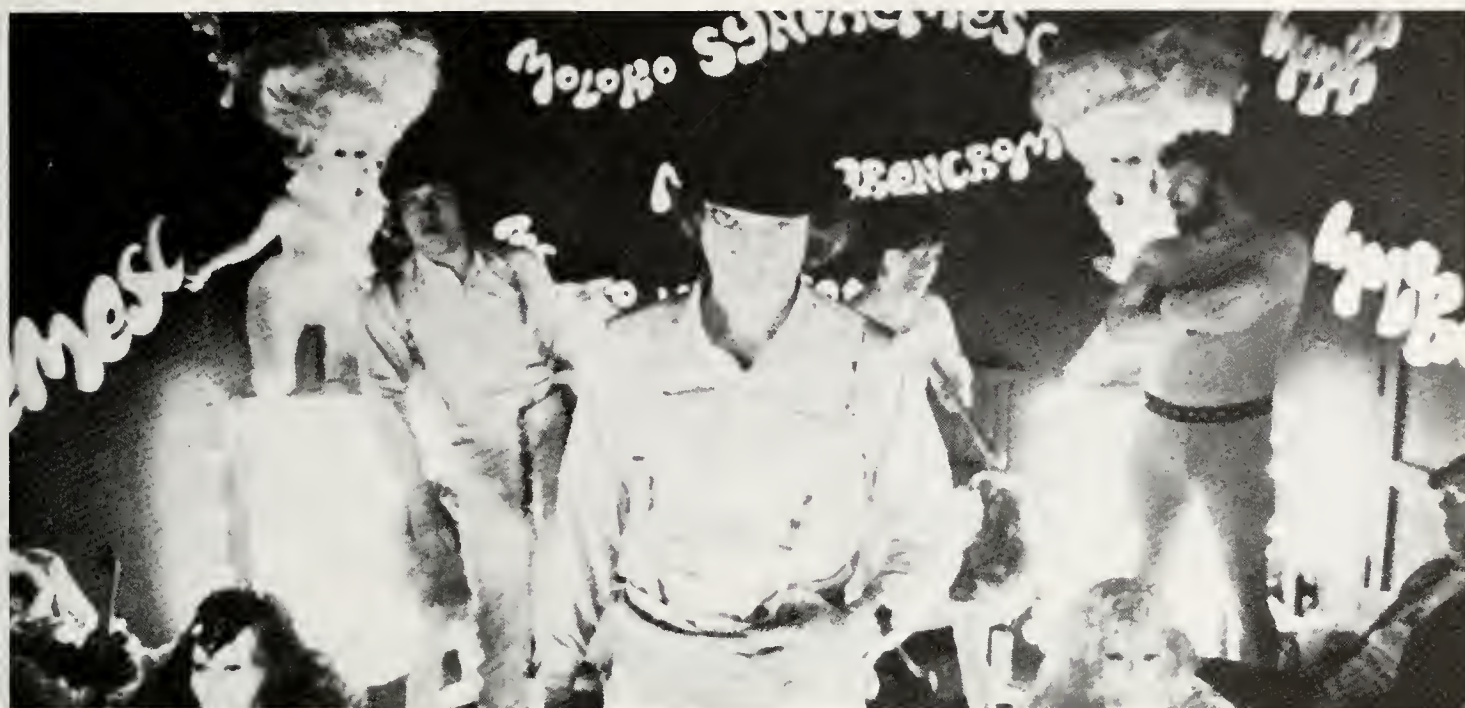


## CALVIN FILM COUNCIL

The attitudes of the people who led the opposition to the showing of Stanley Kubrick's *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE* are representative of a common misconception of the relationship between one's faith and his response to the arts. A Christian's faith is by no means a restrictive one regarding what he may or may not respond to. His faith does not tell him to view only things that

reinforce his beliefs and that do not make him ask difficult probing questions about himself and others.

On the contrary, faith is the light by which a Christian will see everything that he encounters. At no time is a Christian without a standard by which he measures everything he sees.

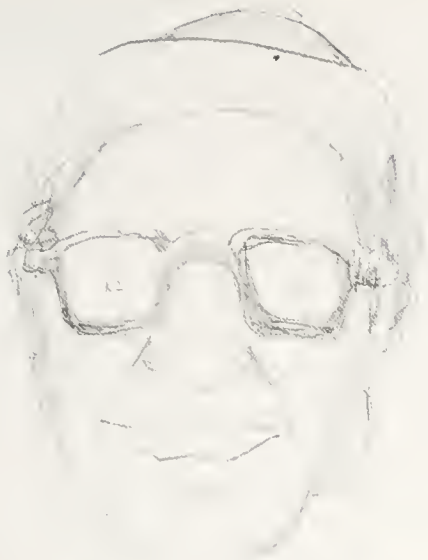


Many people seem to have forgotten this in regard to the arts, though; Christianity does not cover. This is a dangerous idea: the Film Arts Committee recognizes its existence and thinks that it would be irresponsible to accept such a misconception as a governing principle for film selection. Although *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE* was the central vision, or whether it gives us a panoramic view of reality. The FAC believes that a Christian's faith not only allows him to view all the arts but demands that he view them - responsibly and in the light of faith.

David Faber







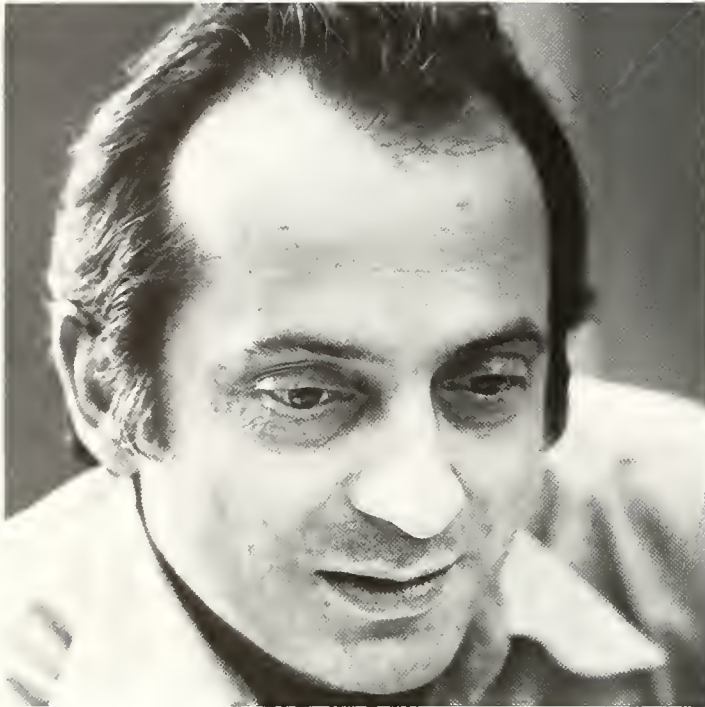
# SKI CLUB

Recreation for  
Jet Set in-the-  
Know Types.





# LECTURE



1976 will be remembered by many as the Year of Jubilee. It was a year in which the jubilation of our nation was expressed through the tolling of a million bells on the 4th of July. Yet few of us recall the basis of our jubilation, or even what that basis ought to be.

It is more than symbolic that our countries 200th birthday is a multiple of the fifty years in which the original declaration of Jubilee was proclaimed



# COUNCIL

as part of the Mosaic law (Lev. 25:10). The year of Jubilee was instituted as both a basis and a guiding principle for building a just society. It was the attempt of the Fall Lecture Series entitled "Jubilee: Prophetic Voices of Liberation and Healing." To interpret and apply the concepts. Dr. Deotis Roberts spoke on "Black Theology: Ethical Directions for Political Action" as a theologian from Harvard University.

Marchiene Rienstra spoke on "God's Freedom for Women" as a Calvin Seminary student.

The latest lecture, by Dr. Hugh A. Koops, spoke on "Jubilee Transformation Strategies" as a theologian from New Brunswick Theological Seminary.

Bill Van Tol

Chairman





INTERIM

'77







# BREMEN TOWN MUSICIANS

The Thespian's Interim Children's Theatre







# STUDENT LIFE

## DORMIES COMMUTERS



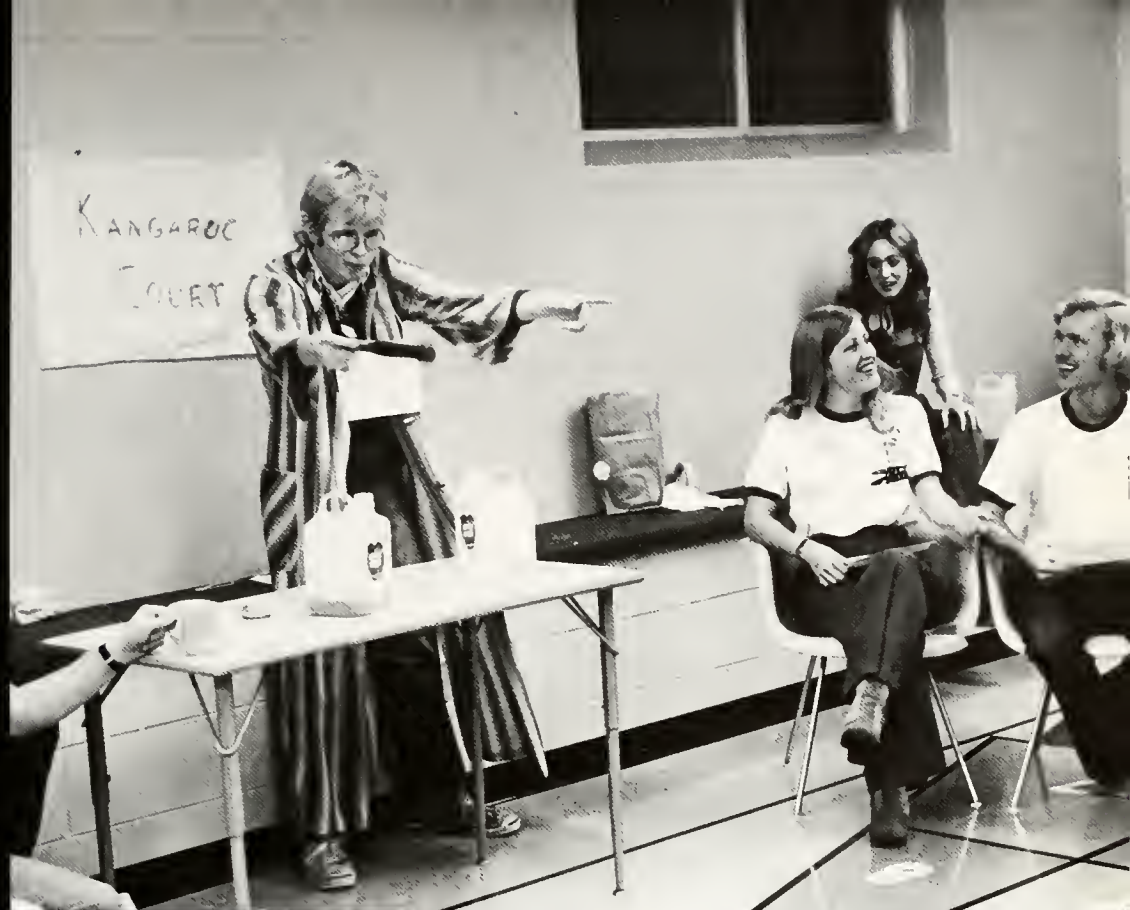






## The Dorms





Calvin suffers from a split-camp atmosphere, commuters being quite separate from residents. The two worlds meet to learn, go to basketball games together, participate in activities and attend lectures and concerts together. But after it is all over everyone goes home.

Home for the next six pages is the dormitory, and a definite atmosphere exists in that home. On the one hand the atmosphere is one of freedom: freshmen away from parents, childlike abandon in waterfights and raids; no one checking up on anyone; no one to report in to. On the other hand, the atmosphere is also one of restriction: open house, social pressures, rules, meal hours and the loneliness in the middle of the crowd.



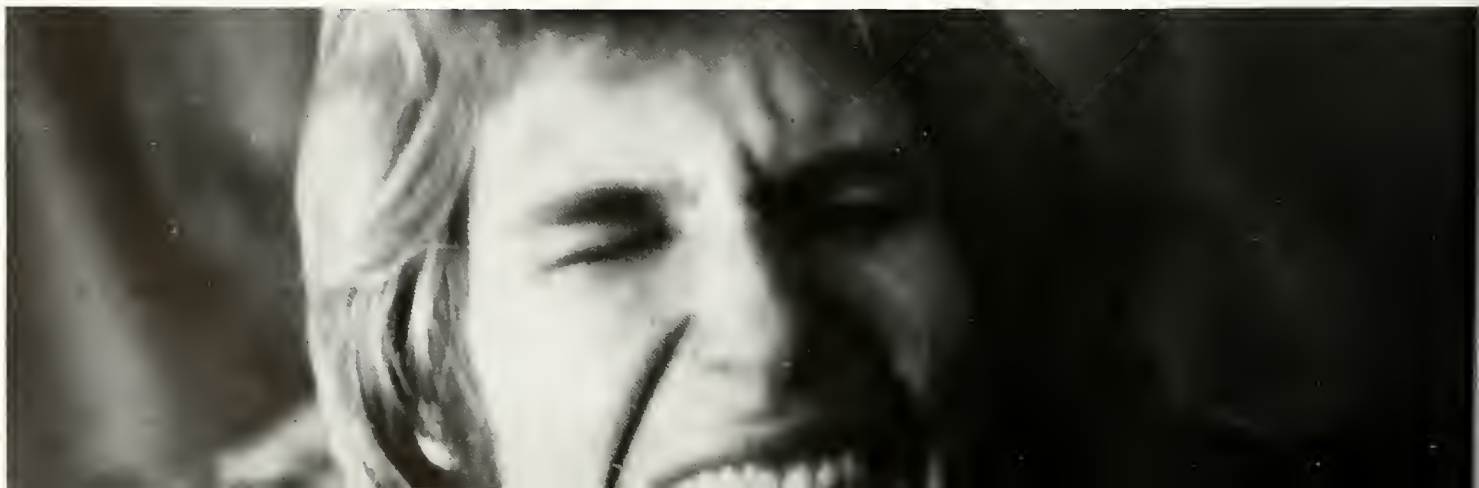
Friendships are started from scratch with a new roommate. There are restrictions in getting trapped in an eleven by sixteen by eight foot cube with a roommate that all the brochures said you would adore but who you hate. Although dormie spirit can get thick at times, its purpose is accomplished: a million acquaintances and a handful of people are there to get close to. In twenty years you are going to remember it all and wish there had been more pranks played, canoe trips, parties with and without music, Bible studies, dorm weeks, intramurals, hall council, being on staff, or being enemies of staff.

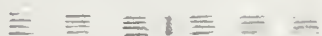
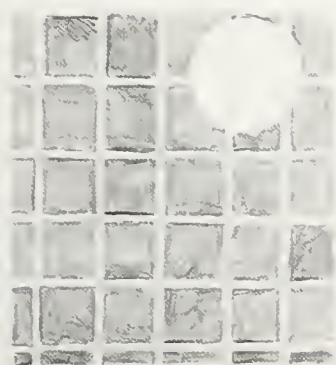
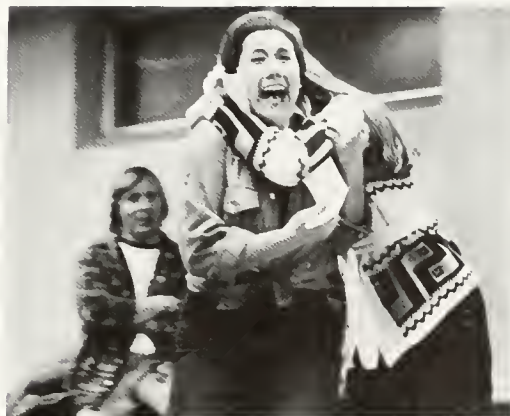
Also offered in the dorms are lessons in noise, poker, jerks that will not leave the room, noise, girls confessions, coffee kitchen debates, noise, all nighters, raids, pinochle, NOISE.

Inevitably we leave the dorms behind, for some it takes one or two years, some never seem to leave. It is a period of life that has to be gone through, fitting in between the tail end of adolescence and the beginning of 21 year old sophistication.

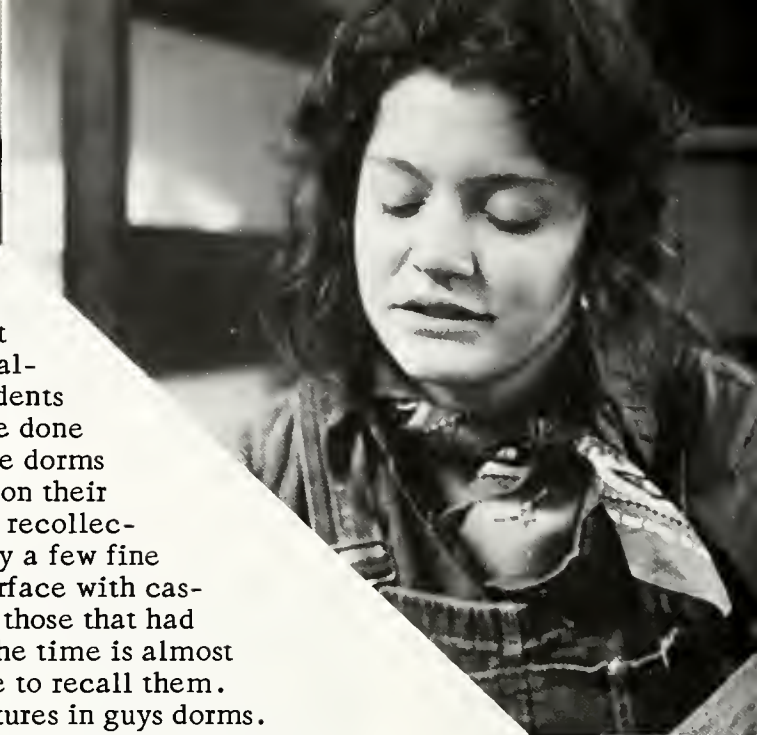
There does exist a feeling of community, of belonging, and in the midst of the large number of people, frictions and adjustments take place with learning and maturation alongside. The dorms offer a crash course in people for better or worse, and the course is quite possibly the best that Calvin College offers.

Jim DeBoe









Not all Calvin students who have done time in the dorms look back on their stays in fond recollection. Certainly a few fine memories will surface with casual thought. For those that had great experiences the time is almost never inappropriate to recall them.

Recall the floor pictures in guys dorms. Women were required to be present to keep everything within reasonable limits. Yet how many guys would dare show the photographic results to their Frisian grandmothers back in Hull, Iowa.

Recall the lobby action, trying your best to act mature in front of those, male and female, that you wanted to impress. Especially the cute blond girl or handsome dark-haired guy behind the desk who you were certain had interests only in you.

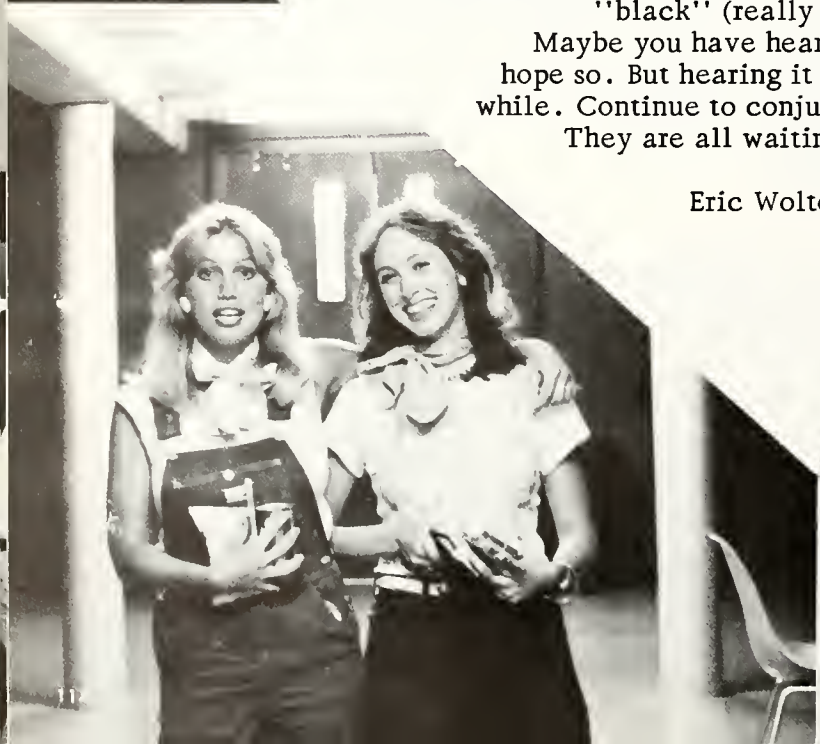
Recall the furtive, searching glances between hordes of masticating heads in the dining halls; glances searching for the attention of someone, anyone of the opposite sex.

Recall the eternal problem, and pleasure, of snatching a good-night kiss in the lobby before jealous eyes. For some the thought of having to perform that ritual act was torment and for others an act of pride, to feed the jealousy of onlookers.

Recall the underground dances on Friday night. How anyone could enjoy raising the respiration level beyond super-saturation I shall never comprehend, always enveloped in shadowy "black" (really purple) light.

Maybe you have heard it all before too. I hope so. But hearing it once again is worthwhile. Continue to conjure up these memories. They are all waiting for attention.

Eric Wolterstorff









# THE C O M M U T E R S

Calvin commuters can roughly be divided into two groups: those who were born, or at least raised, in Grand Rapids, and those who came to Grand Rapids in order to attend Calvin. I think that students raised in Grand Rapids are characterized more by their background than by the fact that they drive to school in the morning. Commuters from out of state are generally characterized by having lived in the dorms, but choosing to live off-campus.

Being born and raised in Grand Rapids is not so much a birth defect as a social disadvantage. By the time a Grand Rapids native comes to Calvin, he has already established a circle of G.R. friends to which he may be content to limit his social life. Unless he is willing to go out of his way to make new friends "going to Calvin" will mean nothing more than attending classes with the same old crowd.

When someone from out of state comes to Calvin, he might know a few other people from his home town, but these will probably not be enough for an active social life. If he does not make new friends, he will probably not like Calvin and will most likely go home after first semester. Fortunately, living in a dormitory puts one in a situation in which he is forced to live with other people. Unless handicapped with a home town roommate, he will almost certainly make new friends.

However, after living in the dorms for a time, some students move off campus.

There are hardships to endure and obstacles to overcome in







moving off-campus. Real-life landlords seldom have a sense of humor. Hot water heaters explode and Volvos conk out.

Despite all the disadvantages, few students who move out of the dorms move back in. No longer having social activi-

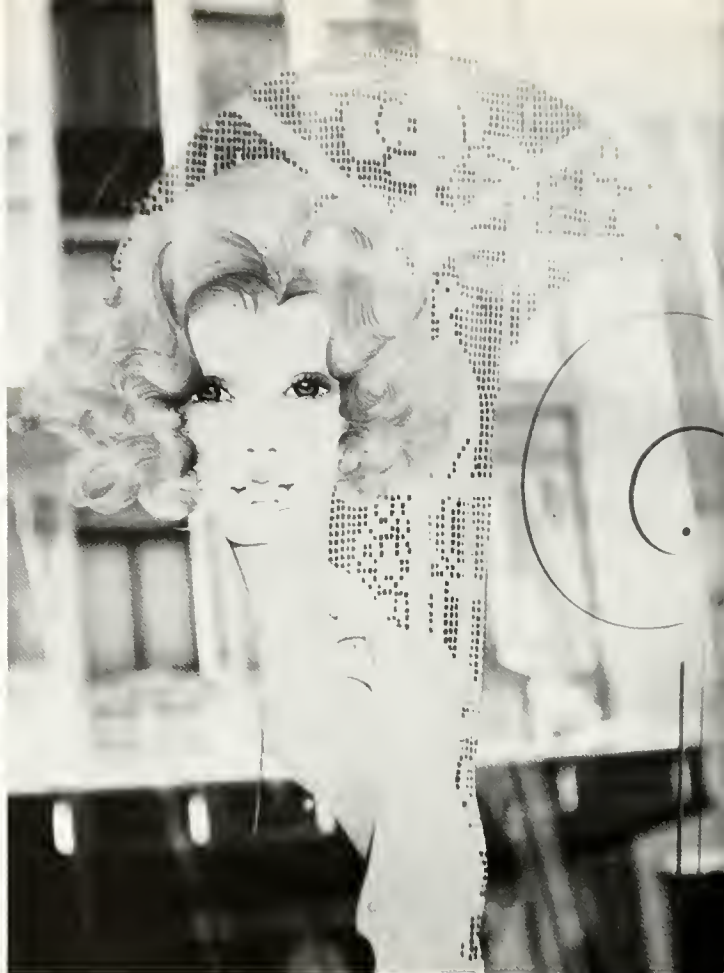
ties pre-packaged by the social committee, the commuter is involved in student organizations. They are the leaders of nearly all student publications and organizations. Commuters provide a valuable contribution to the entire college.



Tempers occasionally flare off campus.







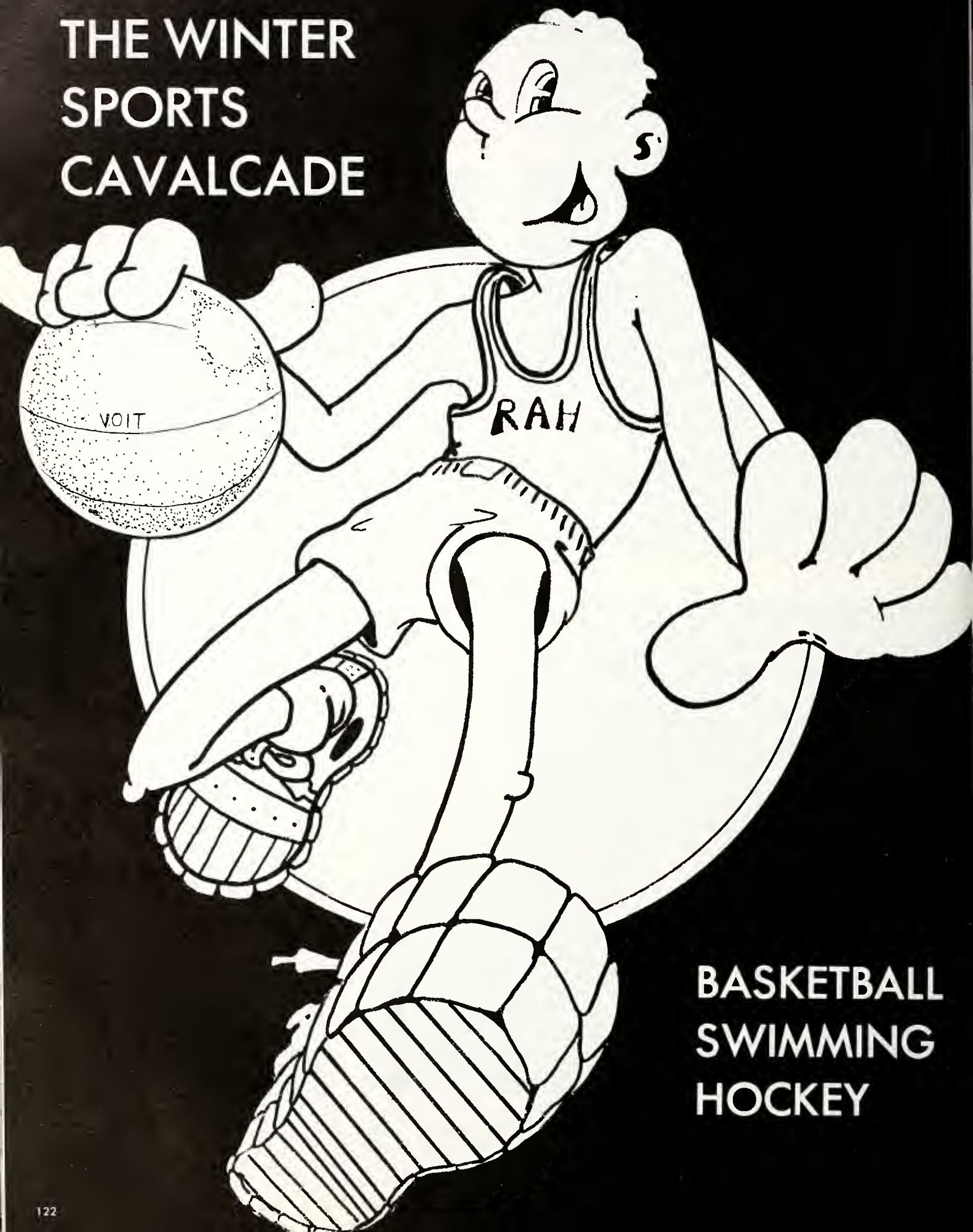
# THE MIDNIGHT BREAKFAST



JANUARY 25



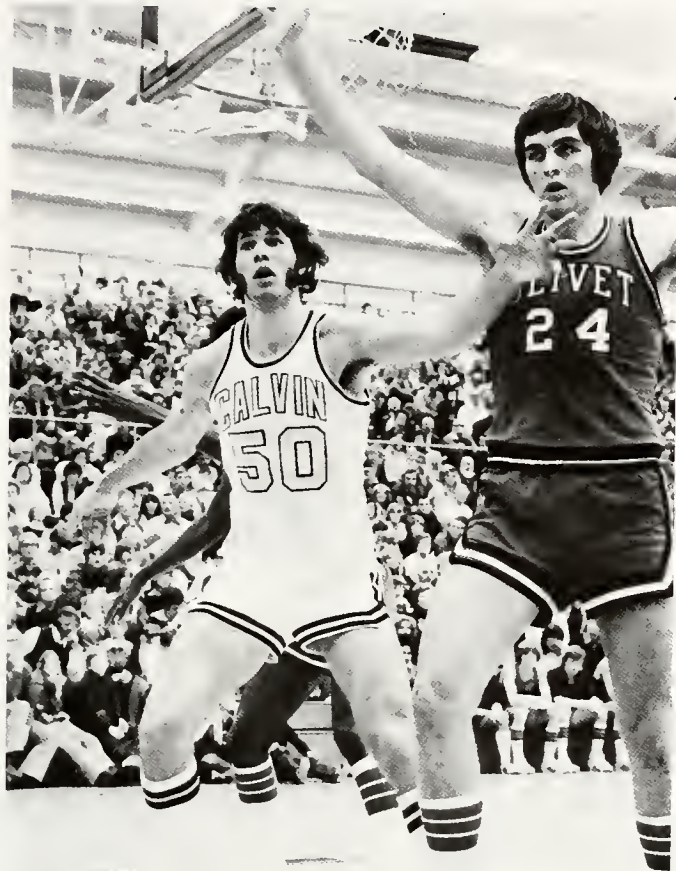
# THE WINTER SPORTS CAVALCADE



BASKETBALL  
SWIMMING  
HOCKEY



# VARSITY BASKETBALL



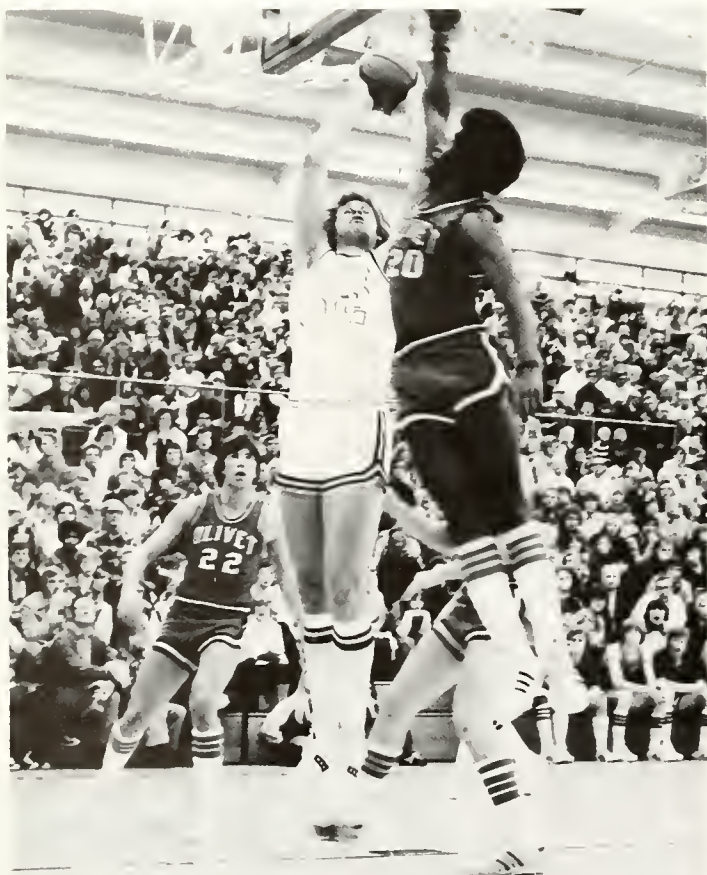


After three consecutive MIAA championships, the Knights finished up in first place again.

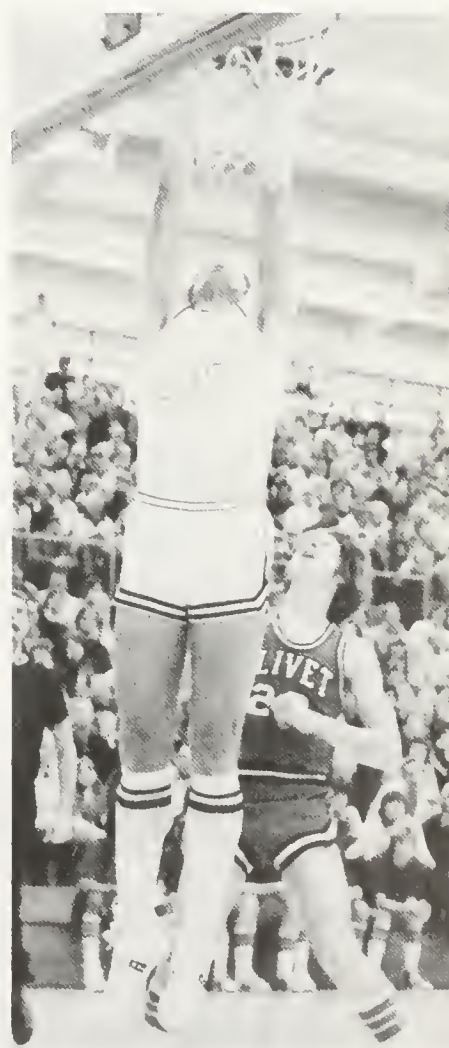
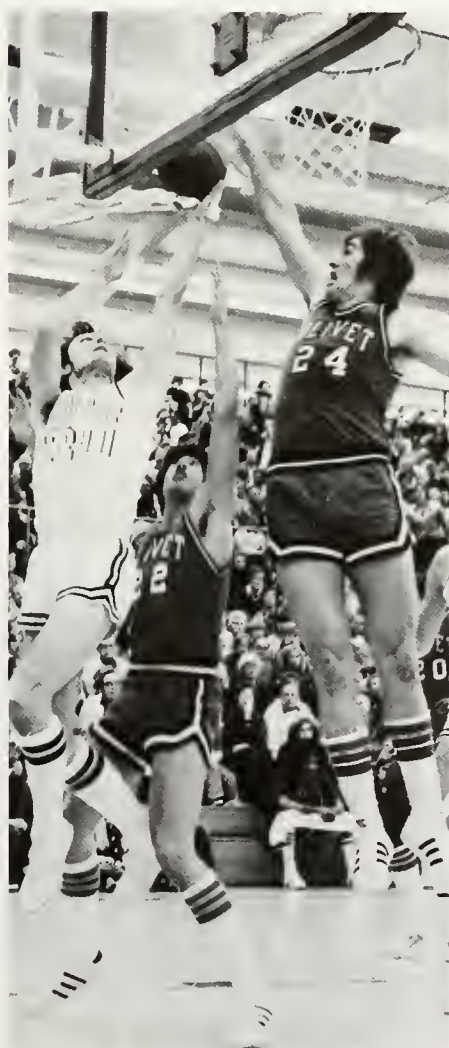
The Knights had a tough schedule this year, playing several teams in Division 1 and 2. A tough schedule and shaky free throw shooting (In several games less than 50%) explained the team's disappointing start.

On the plus side the team's rebounding was excellent. Mark Veenstra and Barry Cappel stood out in the team's play, and as a whole the team played well together.

The main thing was that we beat Hope so the season was a total success. Same luck next year turkeys.







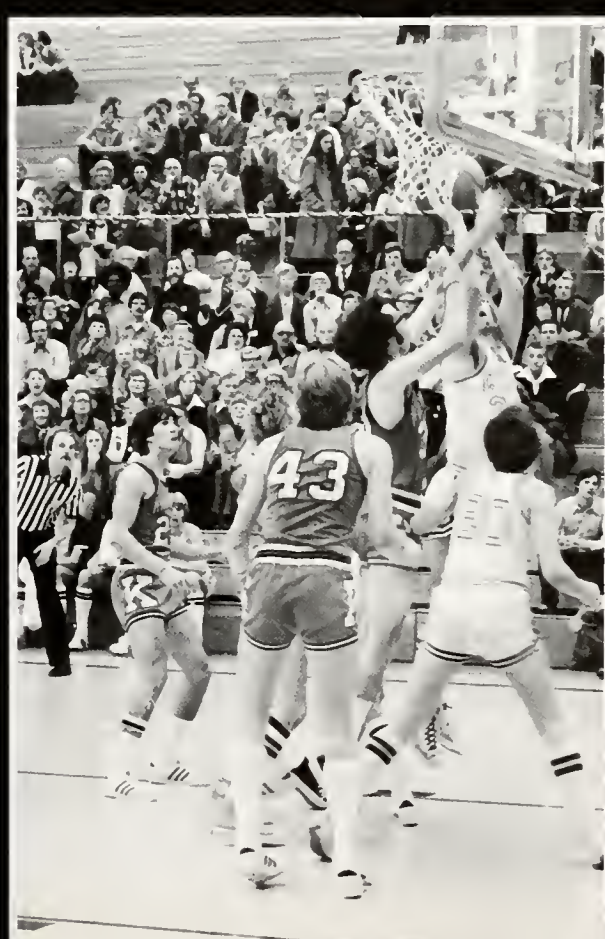
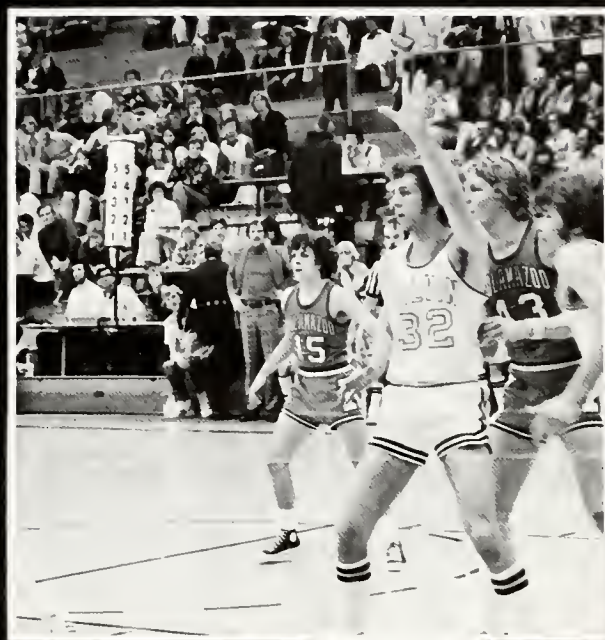




## J.V. BASKETBALL









# WOMAN'S BASKETBALL



With a 2-3 record this year the women landed second place. After losses to the big bad machines of Michigan State and Grand Valley the Knighties came back to beat Hope.

While the team was not blessed with a female Mark Veenstra, although there were rumors of a trip to Sweden for a secret operation for the big center, there were several outstanding women players. They included Debbie (White-shoes) Broene, Jane (Dr. J.) Schviteman and Carol Manni.







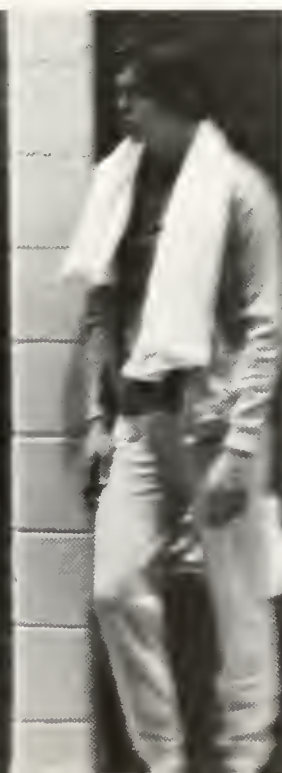
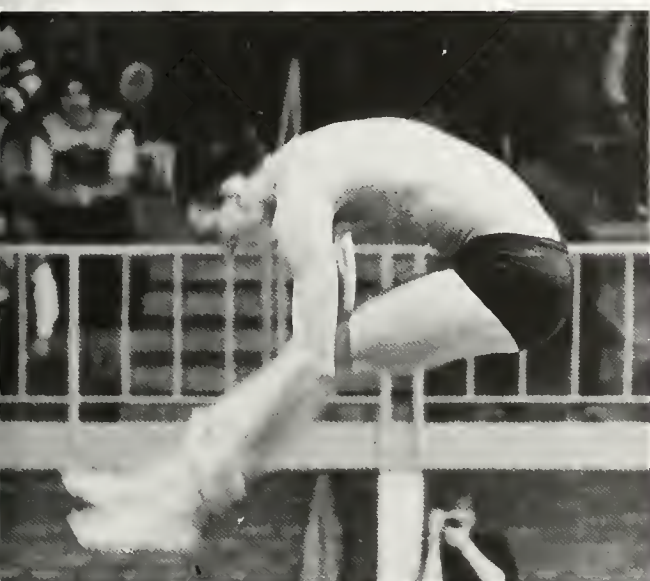
## MEN'S SWIMMING





With a 2-3 MIAA record the swimmers of Calvin managed to grasp third place. Coach Timmer hopes that with his young team he can use the experience gained this year to turn the team around next season.

Senior Mark Anema now holds the school 1 metre diving record. Other outstanding swimmers were Bruce Los, David Cook, David Otten and Ken (Adonis) Koldenhoven.







The Team

Captain Bruce Los  
Senior







WOMAN'S SWIMMING CLUB





# HOCKEY



This letter was found taped to a sign in the F.E. parking lot. It is a protest against the parking problems that all Calvin students faced this year. The Prism staff includes it as a public service.

Dear Mr. Fabor,

Something must be done about the terrible parking conditions at Calvin. I'm knee deep in cars in the F.A.C. lot. If Calvin is going to expand fine. But lets improve the traffic control around here at the same time. O.k.? If you let every simpering Chicago debutant with a Pontiac drive to campus any time she wants you're only adding fuel to the fire of her depraved morality. I don't think that this college should be subjected to the whims of these people. It just puts the rest of us within reach of your ticket happy goon squad. How do you hire those gestapo types anyway. Are they all chemistry majors?

And another thing, I don't know whats going on around here, but I'm under surveillance. Every time I turn around somebody takes my picture. Why are they doing this to me. What have I done? I just don't understand. Nobody will have lunch with me when some guy is taking pictures from across the table. You've got to do something! I can't get a ~~date~~ date with any girls when there's always some nerd taking my picture.

You've got to help me before I crack up. I can't stand it much longer. I went to chapel but some guy tried to get my life story out of me. I'm going to buy a gun. I'll buy two guns! I swear I will!

*Joe Coverage*





## Admissions

### CALVIN

It's a great place  
to find yourself.

Calvin has long since ceased to be an isolated oasis of the Dutch Christian Reformed. The college has expanded, integrated, and become virtually cosmopolitan.

The vital, exciting new spirit of the college has been captured in the following interviews. From the opinions expressed we can see that the students are now as diverse and entertaining as the studies the college provides.



Myron Vundergame; Senior.

I really like Calvin. At first I didn't even want to go to college; but mom and dad said it was Calvin or drive a truck. I love it!

Strikingly Handsome Canadians Club 2, 3, 4; Intermural Touch Wrestling 1; Breathing for credit 4.



Ava Sectomy; Sophomore

If you stay bundled up Calvin is great. They have the best frost bite specialist in the world working on my legs and it doesn't cost me a thing.

Girls Bowling 1.



Lee Van der Lurch; Junior.

At Calvin you're free to be yourself. Nobody cares if your finger is connected to your nose. Remember that love is the answer forus all. Agape!

Special Students Club 1, 2, 3; Corrective Speech 2, 3.



N. V. Ubble; Junior.

The poet in me just happened at Calvin. it could happen to you. Let me help. 458-1176.

J.V. Puff Billiards 1, 2, 3; Three Sons Plus One 1, 2, 3.



Hope Ferterbest; Junior.

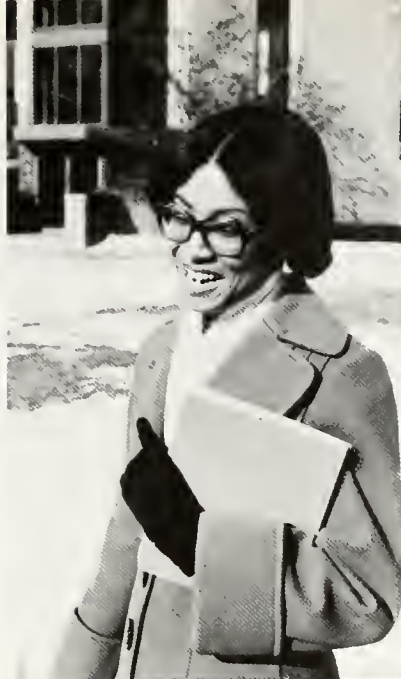
Calvin brought out the woman in me. I go to school part time and my job the employment service got me put me into the big time. You'll never regret coming to Calvin, after all you can't expect Calvin to come to you.

Charm Club ; Future Stewardess 1; J.V. Handball 1.



Jack Hoff; Senior.

If you're one of those seekers that are born every minute seek no more! The place to seek is Calvin. It took four years but I finally found my way out.



Mayflower Van Lines;  
Sophomore.

It takes more than a dutch name to make it at Calvin. But it sure surprises your suite mates. There's a place for everyone and everone stays in place. See ya soon.



Simon Ize; Sophomore.

We really find out how to handle ourselves at Calvin. When I graduate I'll never forget the lessons I learned on this hallowed campus.

Future elected officials 1, 2; Future Real Estate Brokers 1, 2.



Barb Vander Van Vander;  
Freshman

Being blind never slowed me down before and when I came to Calvin it was almost as if my handicap disappeared. Nobody would ever know that I was blind if I hadn't been asked to read in class or drive the K.I.D.S. bus. I can still hear those poor kids screaming. Oh my gosh the shattered glass, the screeching tires, I can't talk about it.

Touch Typing club 1.



Ursela Von Blomberg;  
Freshman.

I vas so glad to have been asked to Kome to Grand Rapids here. Is so gut to drink schnapps auf White Rabbit. Calvin is gut aber weather is not gut like Germany. So ue go to White Rabbit fur anti-freeze ja?

Foreign Exchange program 1.

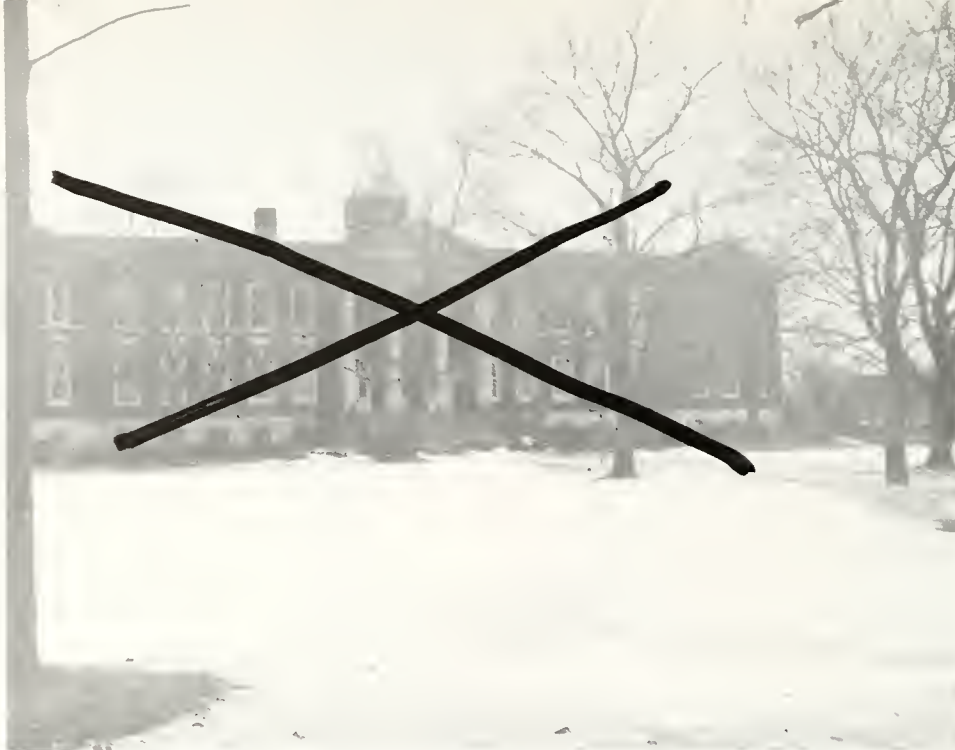


"Paranoid" Marcia; Junior.

Changing is part of life and Calvin is part of changing. So to stretch the anology Calvin is part of life. Come live at Calvin. You might regret it but life is full of regrets and my room is full of the strangest things that ever crawled out from under a rock.

Thespians 1, 2, 3.





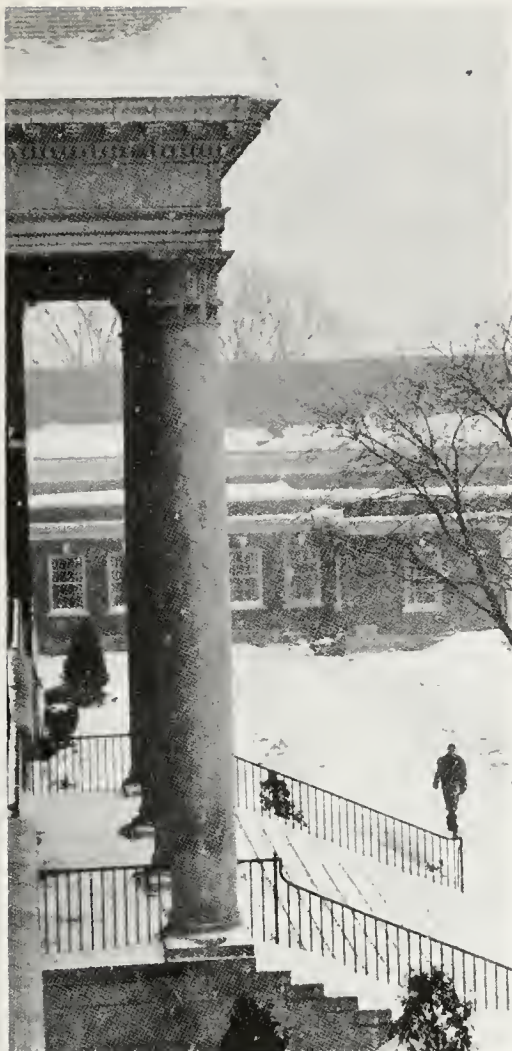
Artist's conception of missing building: communists stole this beautiful building for a full week this winter. But shifty eyed students quickly found it stashed away at John Ball Park. Case closed.

## THE OLD FRANKLIN CAMPUS:



The current flurry on interest in our "roots" sparked a flicker of interest in how things are going down at our former campus on Franklin Street.

Needless to say, the old place isn't exactly jumping. The Grand Rapids school of Bible and Music, current occupants of our former campus, sits like a bastion of W.A.S.P. in a very hard core ghetto. Security men patrol the grounds at regular intervals, as our photographers found out. Since they had forgotten their navy blue leisure suits and white shoes at home they stood out like refugees at a black tie dinner. Some fast talking saved them



Students still make-out on Friday nights.

from a friendly bust. And under watchful eyes they hurriedly shot a few rolls of film and beat a hasty retreat.

Now what you may ask is, "What were the lessons you learned about your roots?" The answer we feel is this . . . Calvin college forty years ago may have been a great place to be, but today it's hazardous to your health: and as far as we're concerned about "roots" try looking in your own hometown backyard.







# FOUND FREE









**THESPIANS**  
**THE QUEEN**  
**AND THE**  
**REBELS**  
**MARCH 3-5,**  
**10-12**



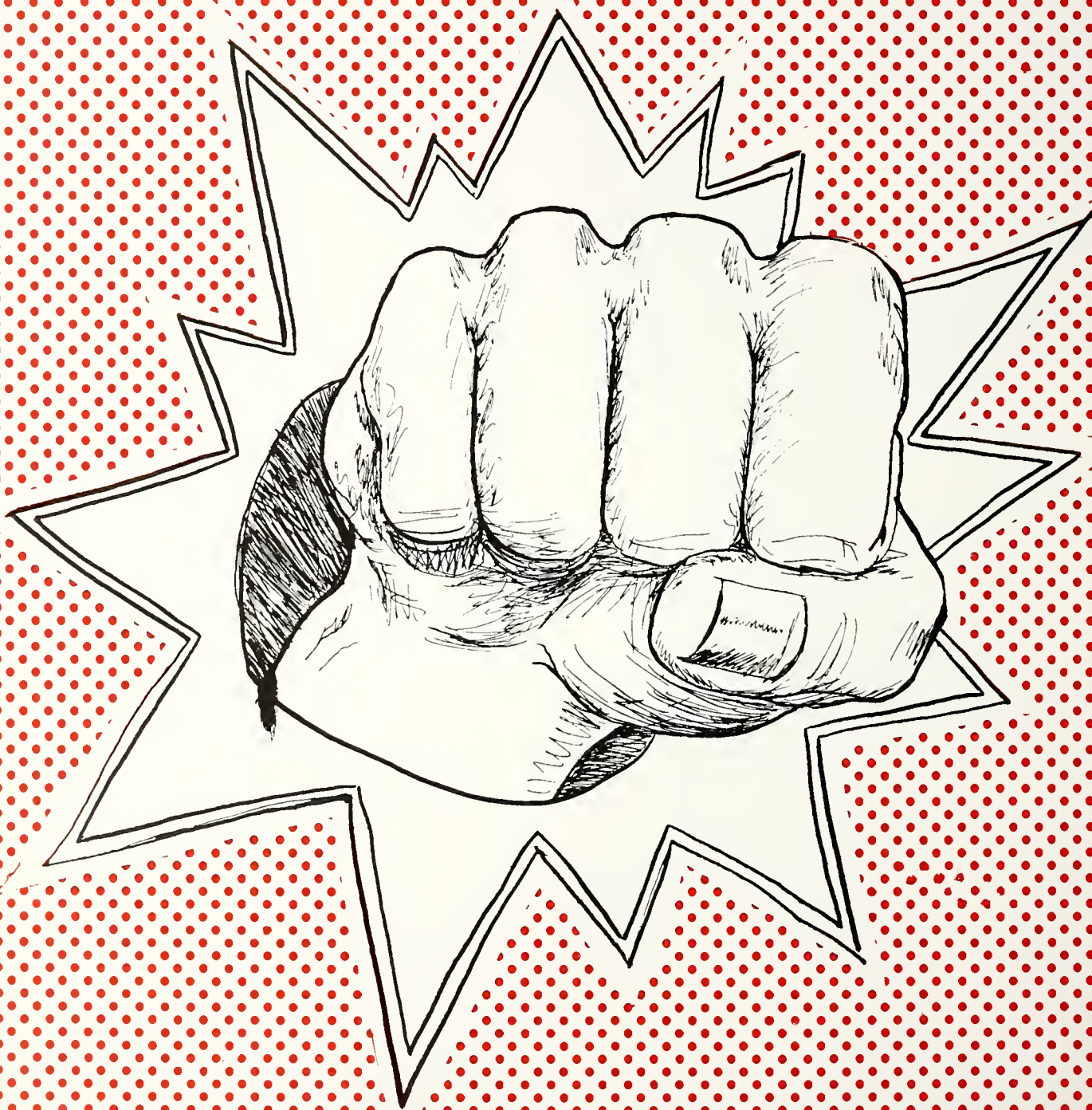












# A RESTAURANT GUIDE TO DAYTON OHIO

Observe the basic weekend at Calvin College.

Joe Average waits for the big V.D. party and passes out after the first half hour . . . Or Jane Average, she spends four hours primping for the "party with music" only to find her make-up melted on her partner's shoulder after "Color My world."

After discovering that half of Calvin's women are washing their hair for the evening, Charles De Vander Ma curls up with Calvin's Institutes. Ring, ring. "Hey Chuck how about going out for a brew at el-cee-bees." Back at the bar we see Jane and her partner. Did you know it's a proven fact that people can sleep with their eyes open? (Snork Wheeze Coff) It's crowded and smoky. Joe quarrels with Lori over a misplaced orange slice.

Hold It!

We say there is more to life on the weekend than all this brue-ha-ha. What ever happened to the spirit that drove a class of 48 students to pretend he was chasing cardinals into a girl's backyard just to get a date. We think students should become

bizarre. Let's remedy Friday night blahs. This is the trouble with this young generation. They are all too prim and proper and afraid to let loose. When was the last time you and your date put your toes in warm tea? Or have you ever made-out after eating a jar of peanut butter, minus the jar, lid and label? There is a world of creativity out there - yes, even at Calvin College. Maybe even right in your own room. Try writing a supplement verse to Kum-bah-yah. Glue a quarter on the sidewalk and watch people try to pick it up. If you're one of those types who likes to work within the system, you can go to the White Rabbit, order drinks for the house and slip out the back door. Discuss Neo-Kuiperianism with your R.A. Cut off the bottoms of your socks and glue fur in the bottom of your shoes. Devise a blueprint for a one handed nail-clipper. If you really want to be bizarre why don't you and all your campus friends get together and wear your dorm T-shirts.

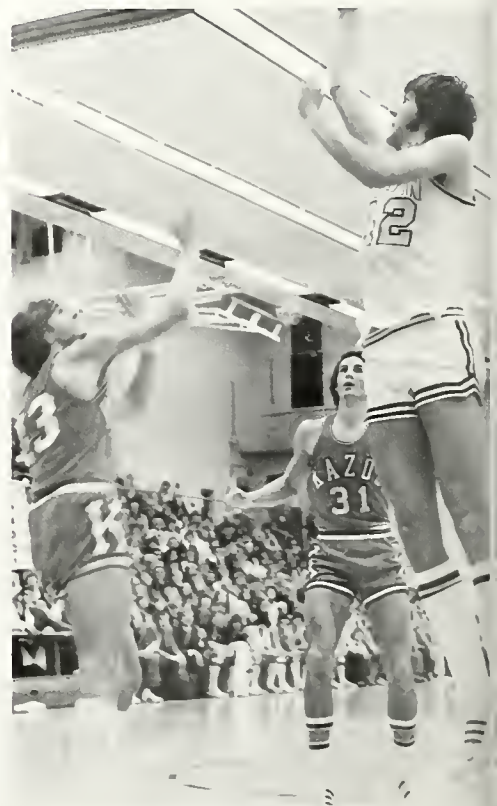
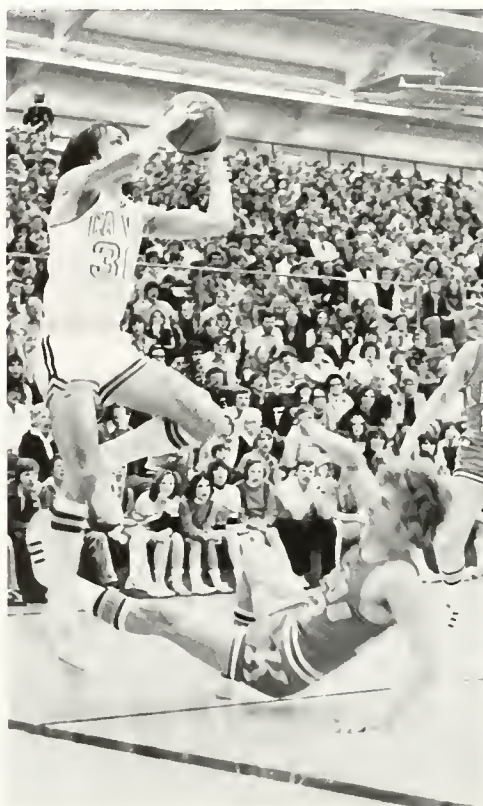
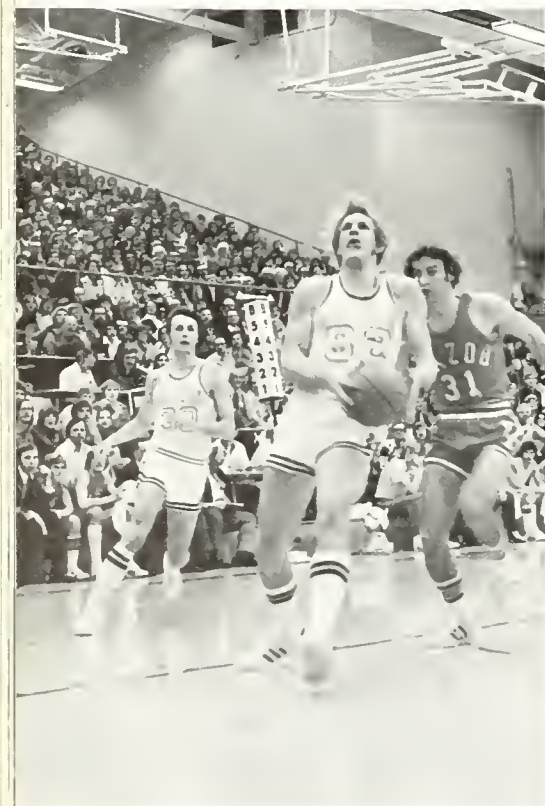
T.E.R.P. and B.M.





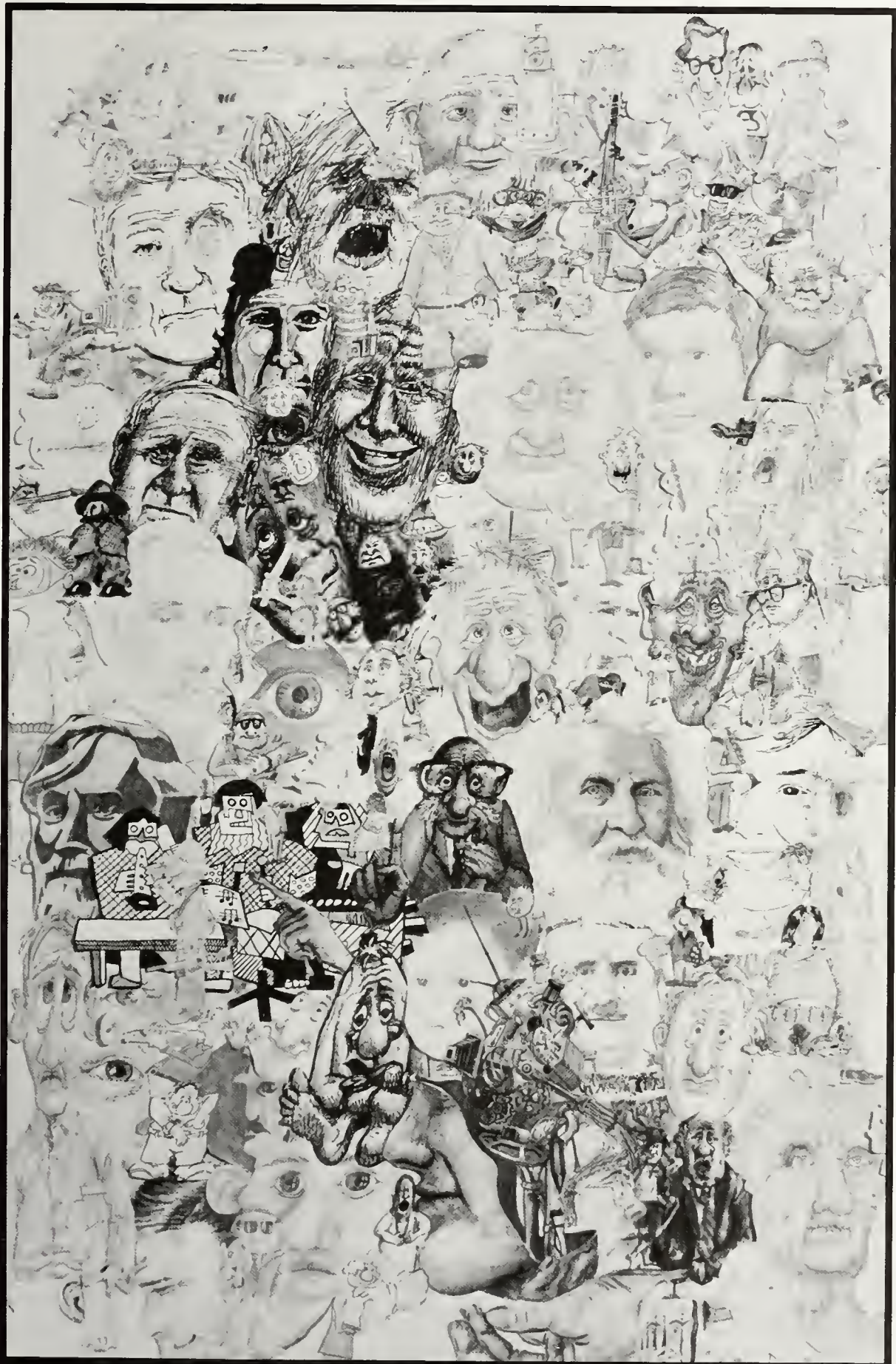
# HOMECOMING

AND YOU THOUGHT THE  
FRANKLIN CAMPUS WAS DULL





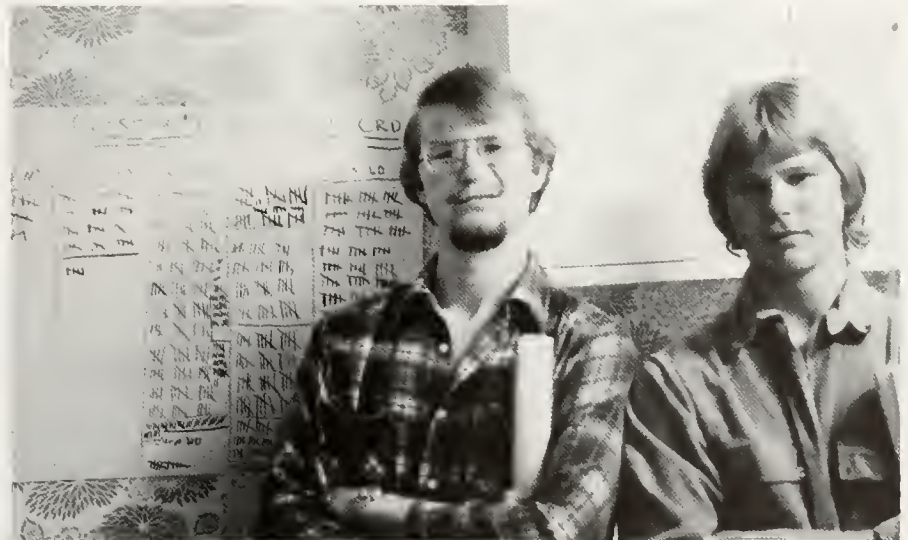
DAN NELSON'S SELF PORTRAIT







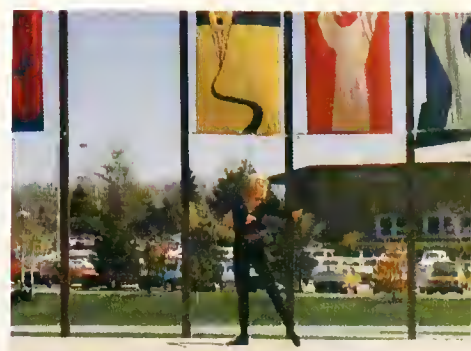
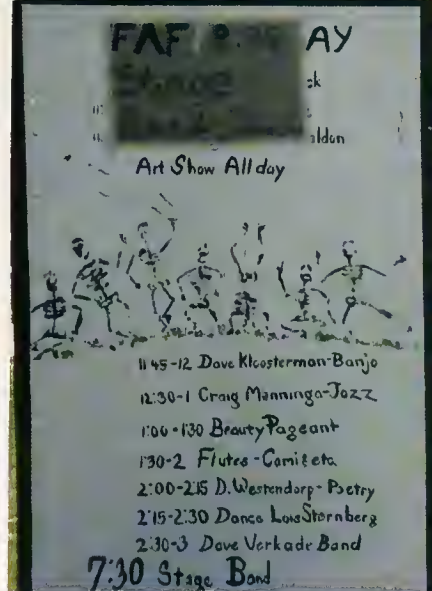












# FINE ARTS FESTIVAL 1976



# YOU CAN CHANGE YOUR PERSONALITY

Can you believe that a girl who felt uptight around girlfriends and speechless around guys could be having a busy social life in just six weeks?

It's true. Bernice and Bernie (not their real names) turned to the Prism method when their social problems became too big to handle alone. They came as an alternative to more conventional modes, and encountered several special interest groups (karate, puff-billiards), rap groups, people to talk to if you have a problem and exciting work.

The members of Prism show techniques of decision making, risk taking and positive thinking. Bernice and Bernie got results fast. Here are their true stories.

BERNIE was in a rut. His only two buddies, Mike and Joe, were into fast women and drinking beer. He wasn't meeting any girls, because he felt so shaky and spaced out every time he was around new people.

He was starting to worry about himself. But friendship was available, hassle free, at any one of the student publications - so Bernie decided to try a few sessions with Gregg, a media editor for Chimes.



## 1st WEEK

### GIVE YOURSELF THE RIGHT MESSAGE

Gregg explained what he thought Bernie's anx-

ety trip was all about. "Like everyone else, you want to be accepted. But in your mind acceptance has become this giant need. If some one rejects you it feels like you're a total zero."

"But I am a total zero!"

"Don't let yourself believe it." Gregg said firmly.

"Are you telling me to lie to myself?"

"Hey Bernie, I do it all the time and it works. I bet you'll feel a lot better."

Bernie thought this was a neat idea, and he agreed to try it out the following week.

## 2nd WEEK

### AN EXPERIMENT AT LUNCH

It was lunchtime and Bernie was eating alone. When some other kids accidentally sat down next to him he started getting nervous and giddy, Bernie held his breath and told himself, "I don't have to carry the whole conversation. Just be part of it." It helped. He didn't tell one joke but he did tell the kids his uncle was President of General Motors.

"It seemed to work." he told Gregg later. "When I give people the RIGHT STORY I'm less uptight with them. But there's this new girl Judy. She's meeting me after school for a guitar lesson and to hang out. I'm afraid she'll find out I can't play the guitar and I don't even know Peter Frampton."

She doesn't have to know." Gregg said. "Get an ace bandage and wrap your hand in it and get her to concentrate on 'hanging out! Know what I mean?"

"That makes sense. Maybe things won't go well with Judy, but doesn't mean we couldn't be friends hee-hee."

## 3rd WEEK

### SUCCESS

Bernie was thrilled. The lesson was cool and Judy turned out to be a real woman. Bernie couldn't wait to try something more difficult - like the Pizza Hut, the dorm hang-out.

Bernie prepared himself by imagining what lines he'd feed girls. And Gregg reminded him not to get thrown if a girl didn't respond.

## 4th WEEK

### DISASTER

At the Pizza Hut everything was going great, Bernie's adrenaline was flowing. Then it happened that Saturday night.

At the party, where everybody was doing 50's style dances, Bernie yelled out, "Let's take off our clothes." Nobody paid any attention to him. The idea fell like a lead balloon, and Bernie felt like a total fool. He sat by himself the rest of the night.

When Gregg heard the story, he asked, "Did anyone call you stupid or ignore you?" Bernie nodded. "You're thinking 'What a jerk I am. All those people think I'm dumb stupid etc.' What better message could you give yourself?"

"I could have said 'Alright nobody move! If you don't strip now, I'll break somebody's face!'"

## 5th WEEK

### PERSPECTIVE

Bernie tried to keep giving himself sensible messages. He told Gregg, "I haven't stopped lying to girls all week. Now when they don't buy the story I can shrug it off. I've got new friends and some dates on the horizon."

## 6th WEEK

### THIS IS REAL

I've gotten it together." Bernie told Gregg on his last session. "Good feed-back from people. I'm starting to cover all the bases on the first date, life's great." Along with the successes, Bernie had a better attitude about failure. He told Gregg, "I'll make mistakes, but that doesn't mean I'm a loser. And I've stopped thinking I have to be super-cool."

"Right on." said Gregg.

Bernice had been in a blue funk all week. She

# FROM DULL TO DYNAMITE

felt fat and ugly. She was upright and insecure around her girlfriends. And although she wanted a boyfriend badly, there were no guys in her life.

Depressed and desperate she went to Prism. Someone saw her right away, listened and arranged for her to meet with Zelda once a week. Here's how it went.

## 1st WEEK

### WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO CHANGE?

After Bernice described her problem, Zelda said cheerfully. "I'd like to help you. What would you like to change?"

"I want to lose weight." Bernice answered nervously. "I want to be more relaxed and open with my friends. And I want a real relationship with a guy. What I need most is a boyfriend."

"Wait a minute," Zelda said, "Do you NEED a boyfriend or would you like one?" She paused and then said, "Well maybe you're right. You NEED a boyfriend. Think about what steps you want to take first and we'll start working on that next week."

## 2nd WEEK

### IT'S MY WEIGHT

My biggest problem with guys is my weight," Bernice announced. "Right now I'm fat and unattractive."

Zelda looked convinced. "O.K. you're fat and unattractive. Let's work from there. Now I don't think weight is your problem. It's what you're holding back."

"You mean . . .?" asked Bernice.

"You've got it it," sniggered Zelda. "Here's some homework for next week. While you're at it notice the reactions you get, do people respond or get turned off. See what happens."

## 3rd WEEK

### A REALITY TEST

Over the weekend Bernice made a special effort on her homework. Funny thing no one

noticed.

"O.K. let's work on that," said Zelda.

"You're still not coming across are you?"

"No," admitted Bernice sadly.

"What better message could you give yourself?" asked Zelda. "How about, 'If I don't start doing it I'll never get to know any guys'." Zelda approved, "Practice thinking like that and you'll be popular in a hurry."

## 4th WEEK

### TAKING RISKS

Bernice approached Dan, a guy she knew slightly from the Prism office. They talked for about ten minutes before she did it. She wasn't dynamite but she wasn't bad either.

Bernice had a party coming up. She wanted to invite Dan, but she was scared she'd seem aggressive. By this time she knew how to understand her own fears. "It's worth taking the risk," she decided with Zelda. "If Dan accepts, great, if he doesn't I'll kill myself."

## 5th WEEK

### A SETBACK

Dan went skiing the weekend of the party. But it was a turn down and Bernice got suicidal.

"I swear I'm going to jump!" Bernice screamed.

"Stop that! One rejection doesn't mean you can turn yourself into a blood pancake anytime you want," called up Zelda.

Bernice thought a second, then smiled. She'd figured out the bad message and substituted a better one. She had talked to some other guys at the party, and one had asked her skating.

It didn't look as if Dan would ask her out, but Bernice didn't consider it a catastrophe. "I've made a friend," she called down to Zelda, "And I don't have to get every guy I want. Plenty of good things are happening. I can handle an occasional failure without going bananas."

"Let's give it a final test," called up Zelda.

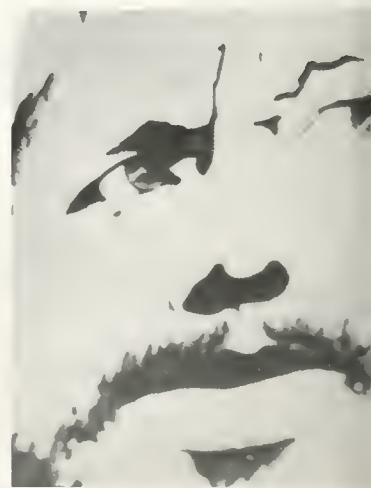
"Your biggest fear with guys was flirting. Try it and see what happens . . ."

## 6th WEEK

WHAT THE . . .?!

Bernice never came back.









## LIFE





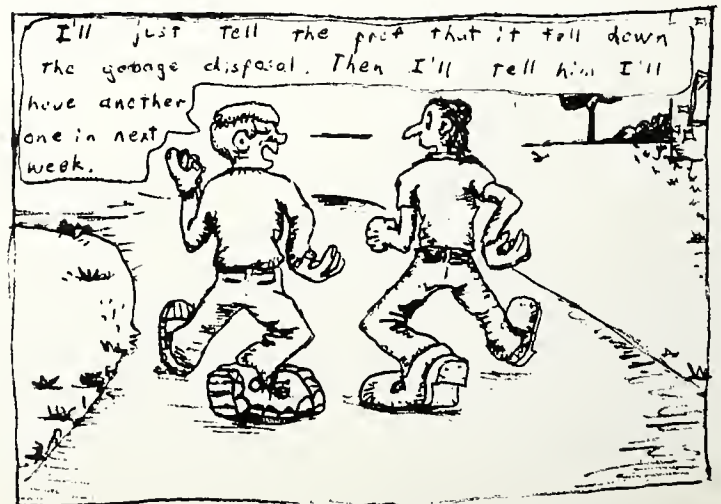
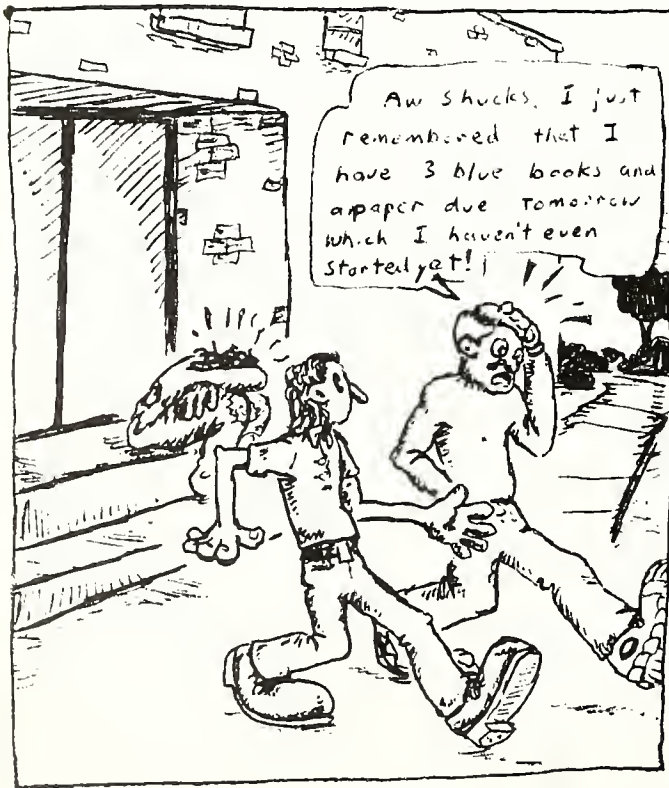
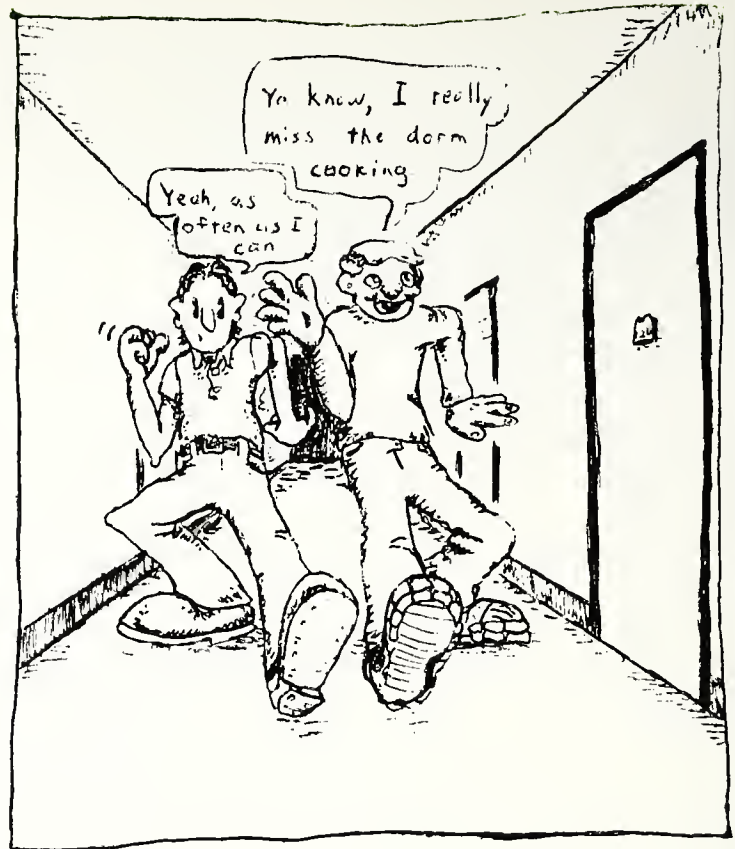
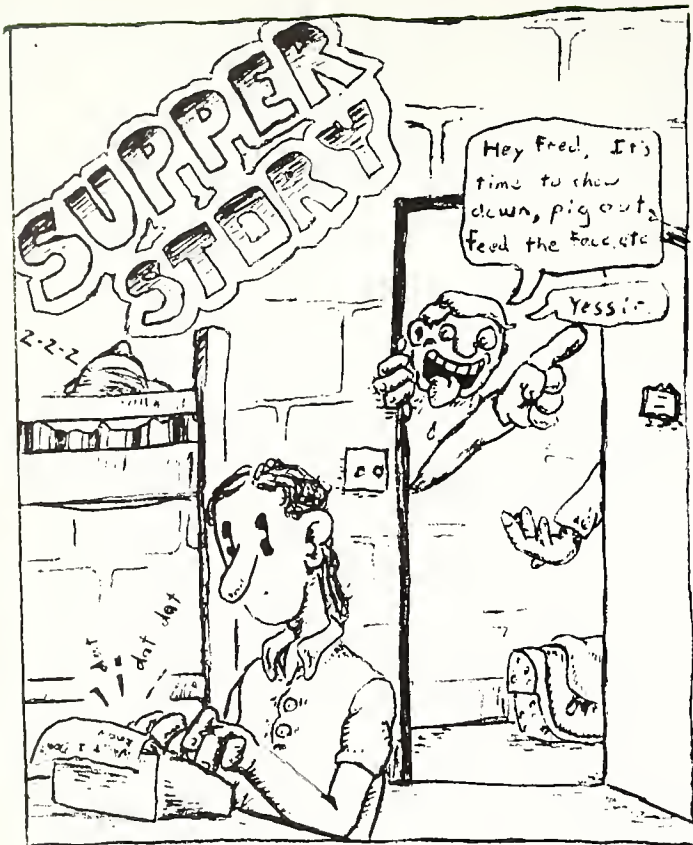
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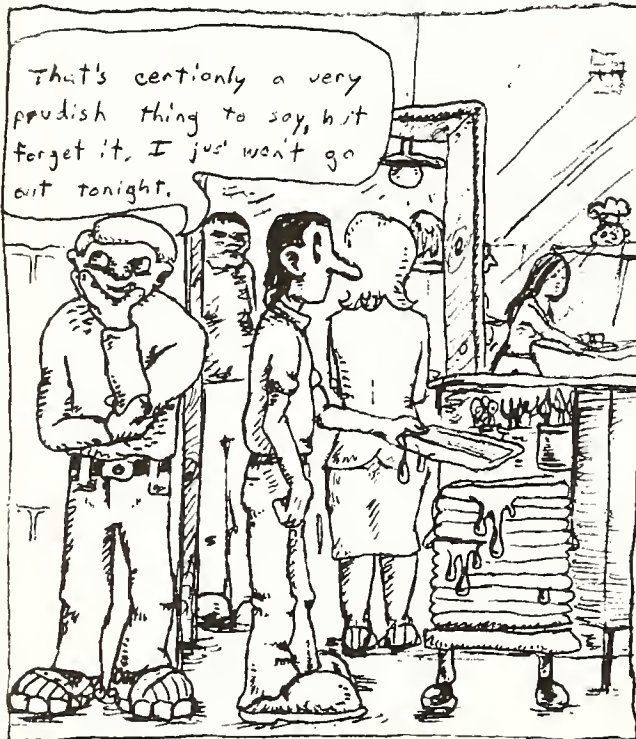
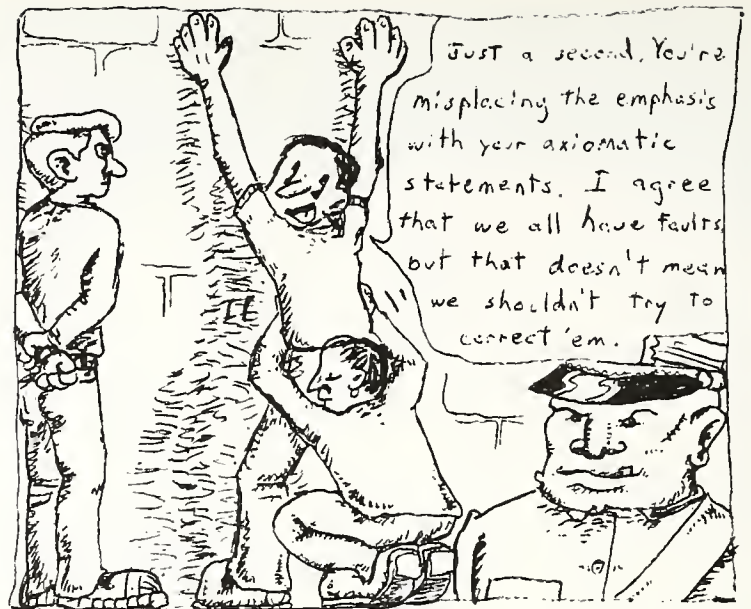
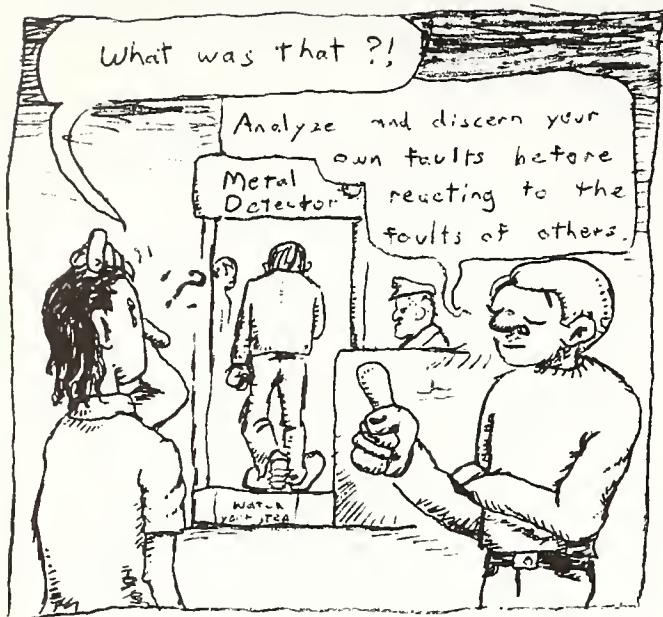














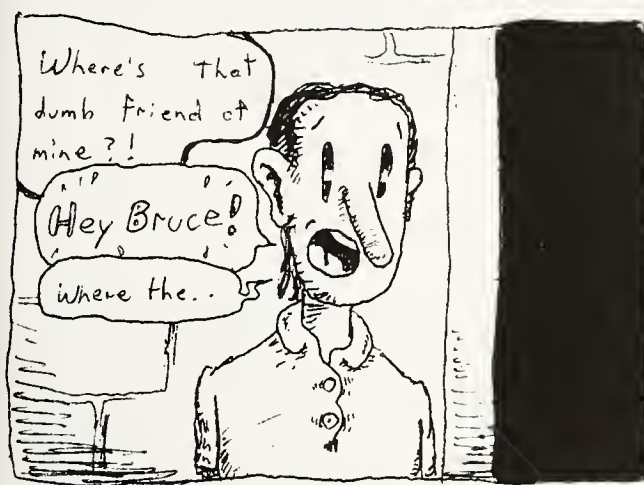


Well now, it's time  
for one of the  
most far reaching  
decisions of the  
day. Where shall  
I sit?



Hey, what's going on here?  
What's with the candles?!  
Are we supposed to dine  
by candle light?

Sheesh!



Where's that  
dumb friend of  
mine?!

Hey Bruce!

Where the...



I can't see a  
blessed thing in here.  
Where am I going?

Hey Bruce!

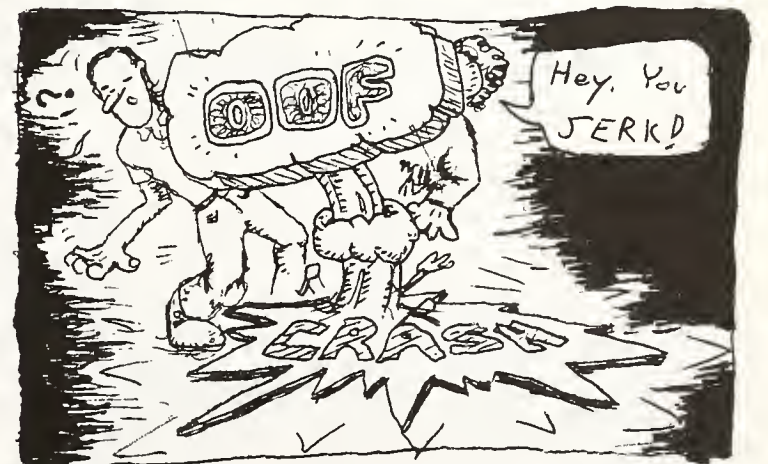
munch  
munch



This isn't very  
much fun at all.  
I'm not sure  
where I am,  
and I'm not  
sure where I  
should go!

In fact, I'm  
downright LOST.

You never know  
what might...



Hey, You  
JERK!

CRASH

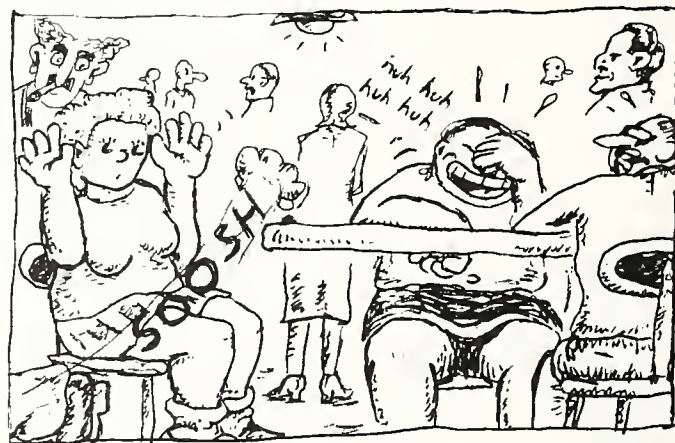
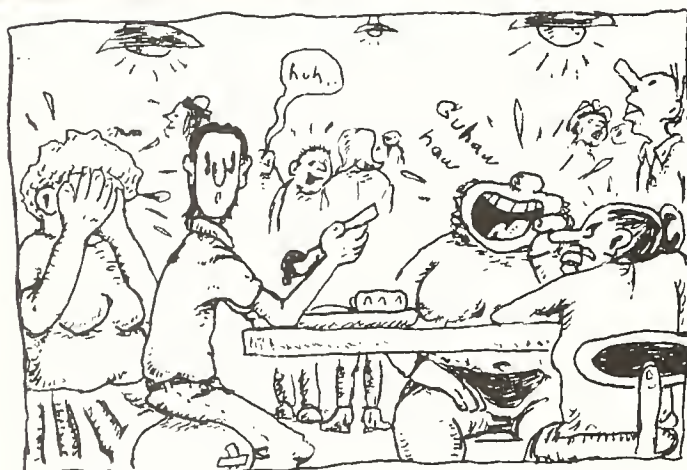
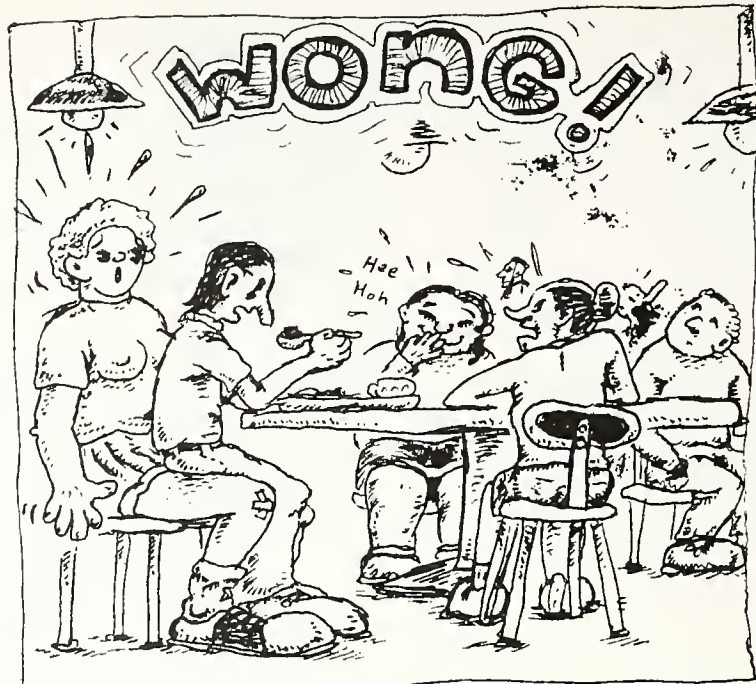


That does it!!!  
I'm gonna burn  
my meal card!

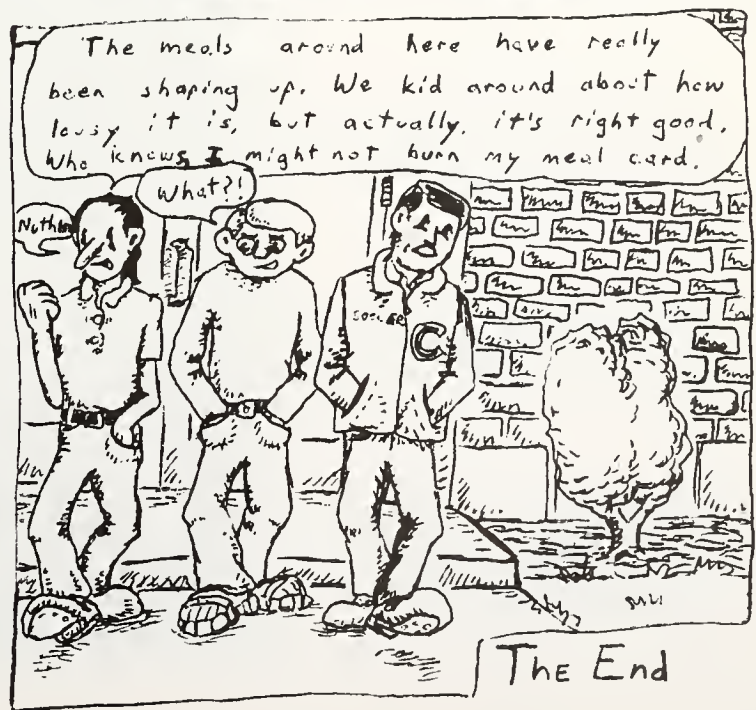
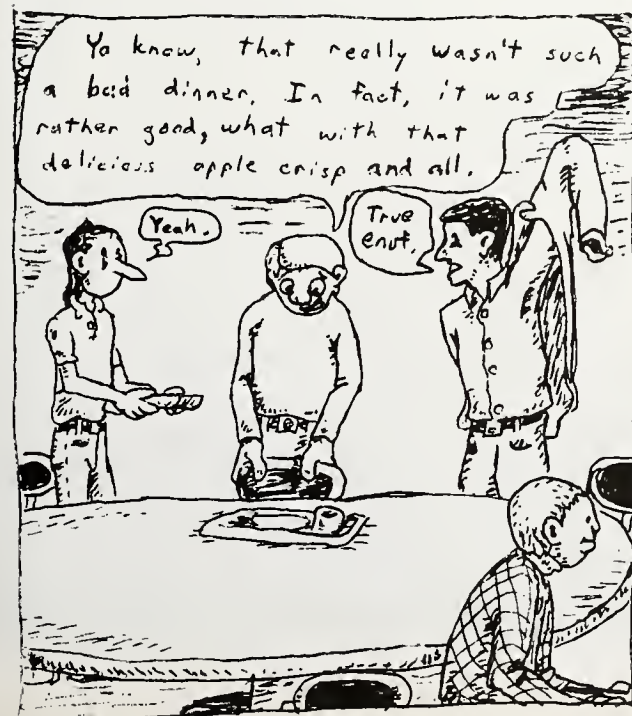


Forget this, man.  
I'm just gonna  
sit down, gobble  
this up, and  
leave!













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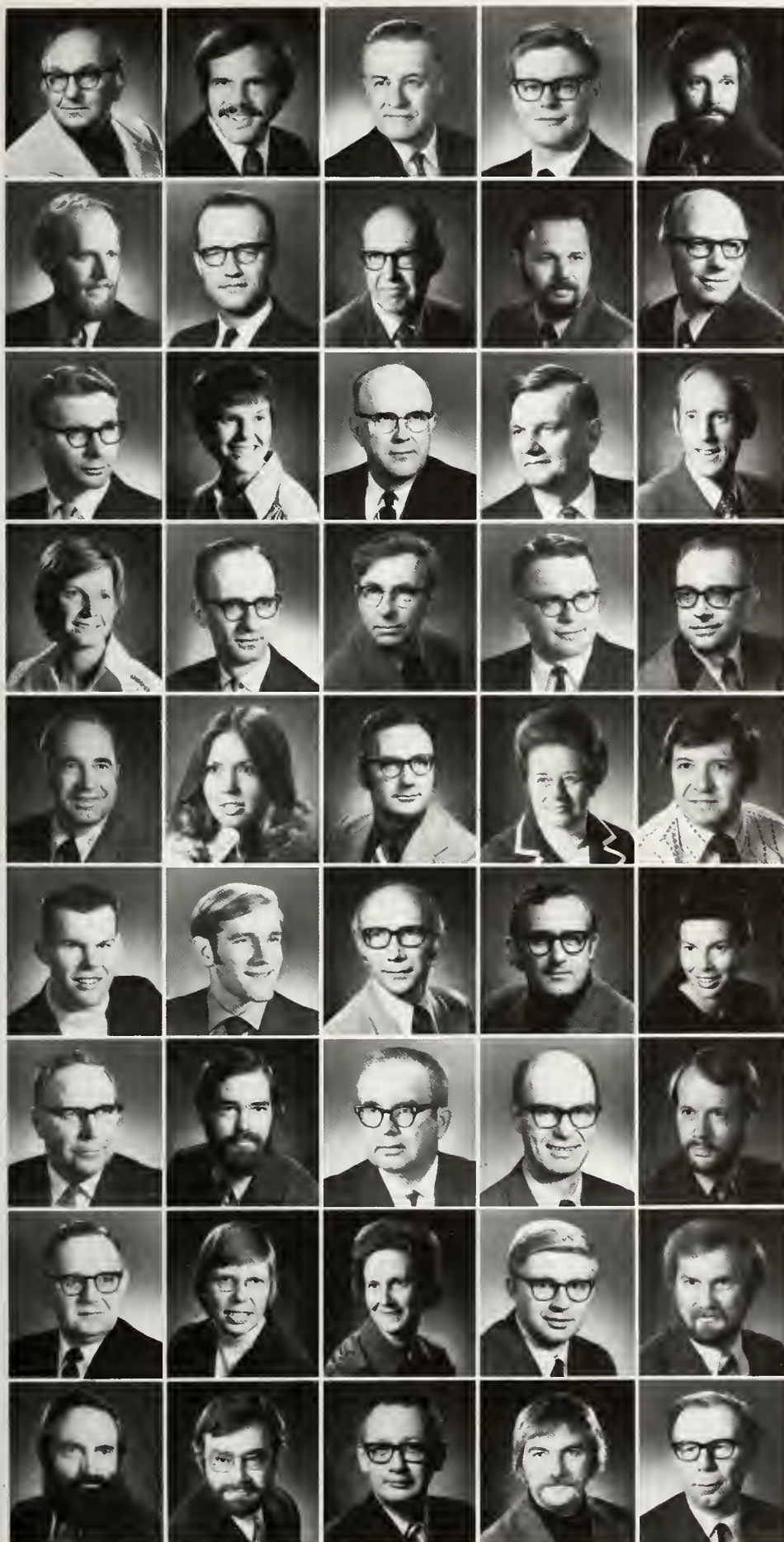
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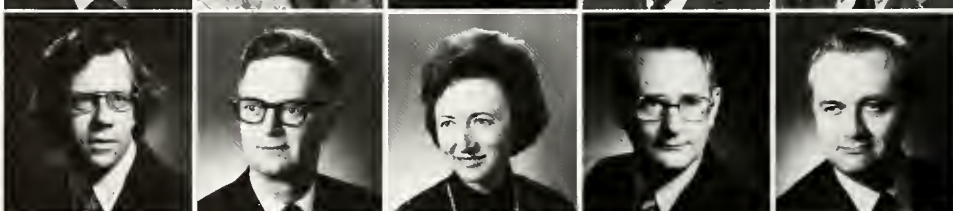
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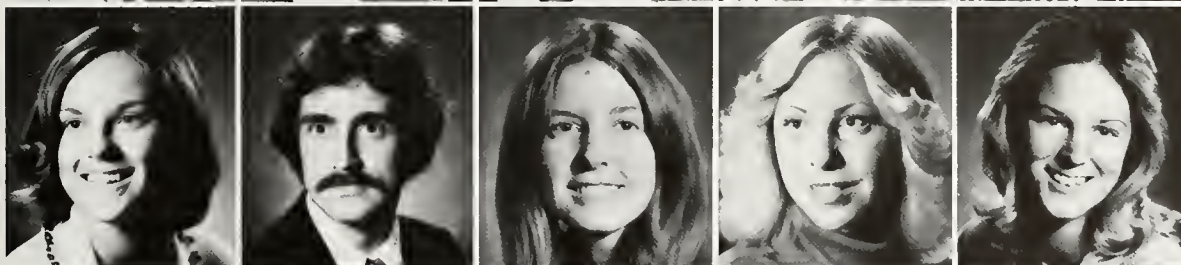
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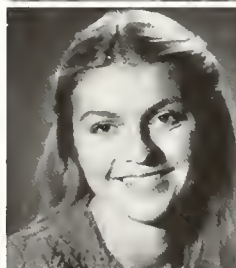
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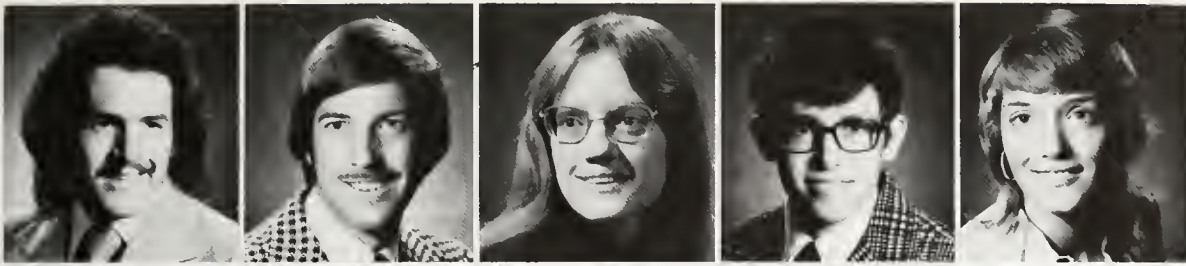
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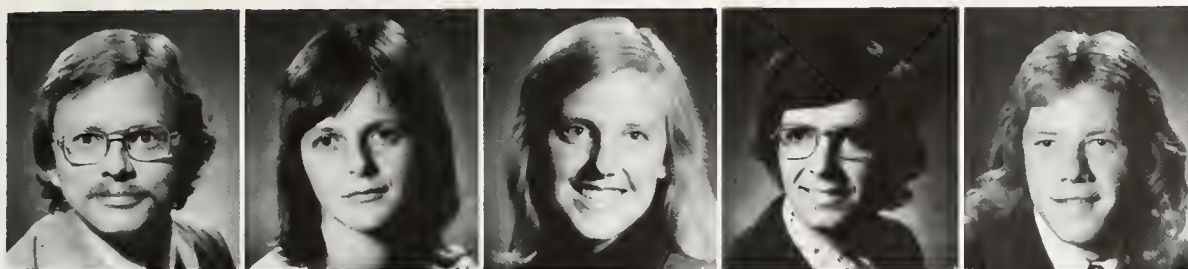
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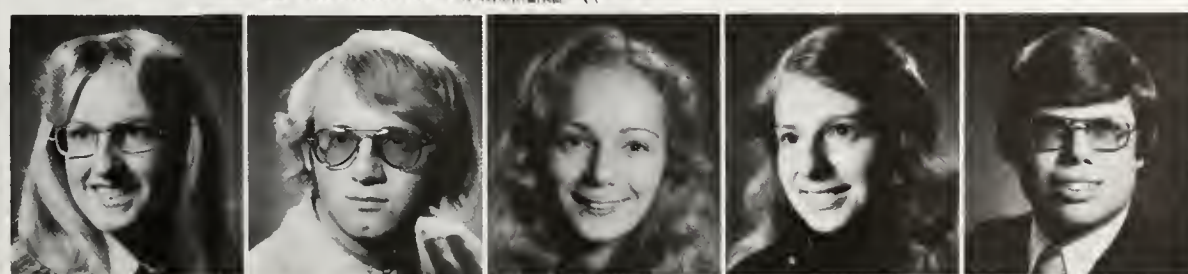
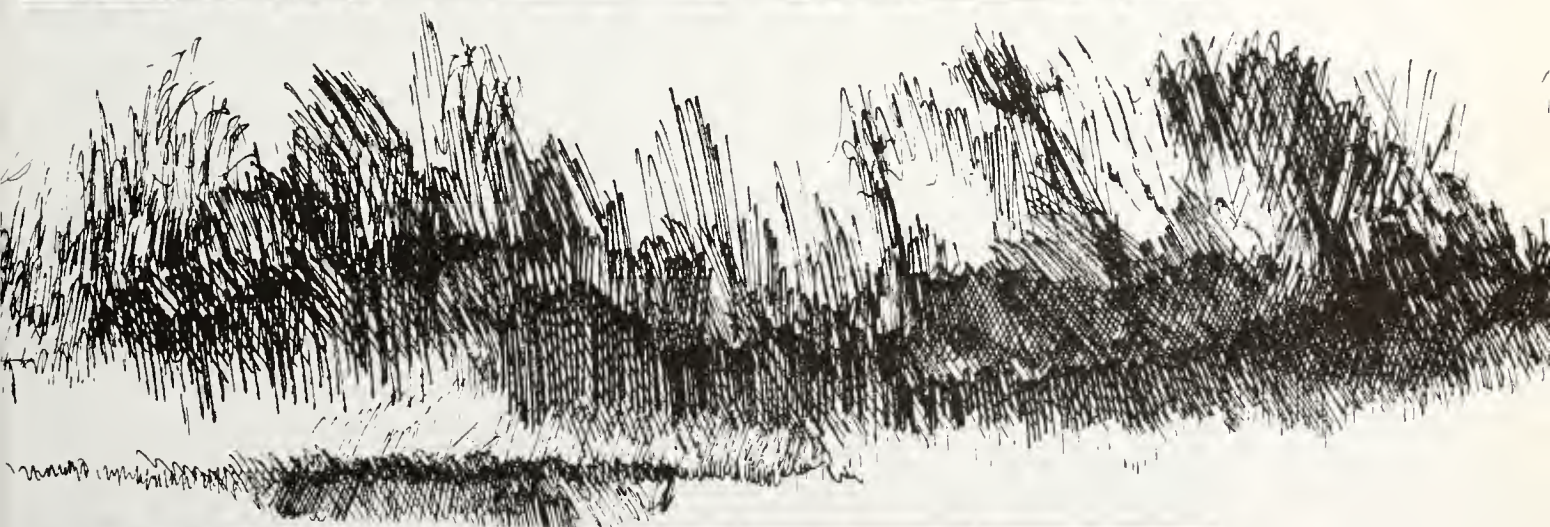
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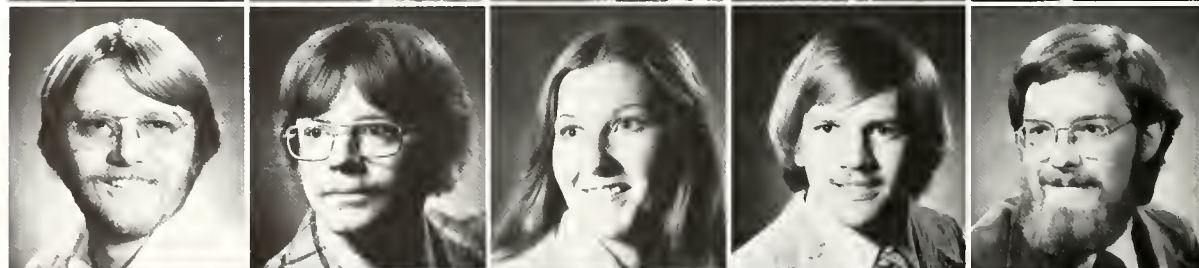
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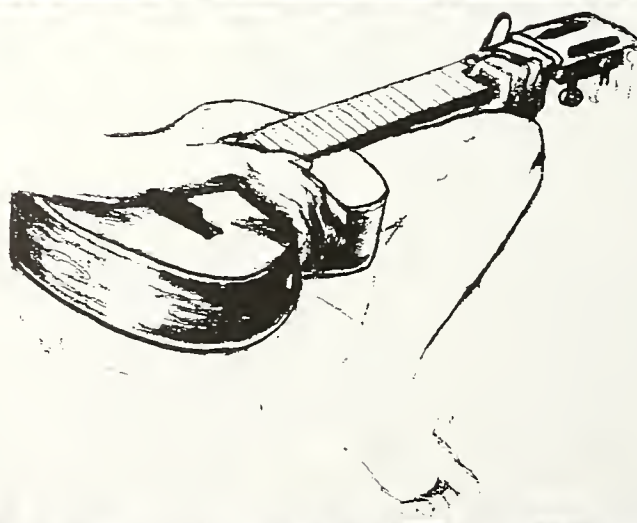
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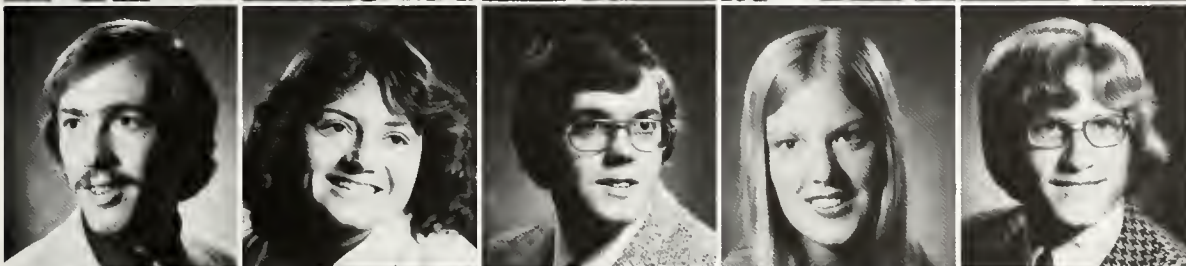




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Philip Verringia  
Jim Veurink  
Maynard Viersen



Ed Visser  
Leon Visser  
Rita Visser  
Denise Vredevel  
Steven Vryhof



Gayle Walcott  
Dick Walstra  
Doug Walstra  
Scott Walstra  
Deb Wallinga



Karen Wasmer  
Sue Webster  
Dave Weemhoff  
Steve Wells  
Jean Werner



Don Weshouse  
Grace Wesselen  
David Westendorp  
Ruth Wezeman  
Freida White



Dan Wierenga  
Kathy Wiersma  
Kim Wiersma  
Bob Winter  
Mary Woltjer



John Wynbeek  
Tim Wynsma  
Tom Zandstra  
Bill Zeilstra  
Herman Zimmer



Denise Zoeterman  
Jenny Zomer  
Lee Zuidema  
Rick Zuidema  
John Zwart



Marcia Zwart  
Sandy Zwiep  
Tim Zwier  
Pat Zylema  
Judy Zylstra





Mike Lubbers  
Susan Ericson  
Sheldon Goolke  
Phyllis Schuringa  
Sheryl Stolk



## THE 9 O'CLOCK CLASS



David Wendt



# JOE AVERAGE



Well this is it, the section you've all been waiting for. Did you skip ahead? We know we said this section was on p. 154-159. So we lied, so what. It doesn't really matter.

Since we could not include pictures of everyone in the Prism we decided to do an in-depth study of one student who we felt would embody all the aspects of being an average student at Calvin Col-

lege. As luck would have it, we found him relatively quickly. By this time you all know his name is, or was, Joe Average. We followed him around learning about him and occasionally surprising him.

The Prism staff





Here we see Joe showing the typical reaction of the Calvin student awakened at 7 a.m. when his first class is at 12:30. No amount of pleading could get Joe to reimburse us for the camera, or the photographer.



The average student doesn't make friends fast at Calvin. These pictures show Joe learning to cope with female

rejection, minute portions of questionable Saga food



and our ever present Prism photographer.





Dating can be a delicate business. Often failure to score with that certain someone results in the average joe venting his frustrations on the first thing within reach.





We were unable to find Joe for a short while, but shots and shouts led our remaining photographers to

locate him atop the science building. We arrived a few minutes before the police.



Some slow moving R.A.s made an attempt to talk with Joe, but he couldn't hear them over the noise of the shots. In reply to some police compli-



ments on Joe's marksmanship Joe shouted, "You'll never take me alive!"



They didn't.



# UNPICTURED SENIORS

Aardema, Andrew W.  
 Alkema, John  
 Apol, Raleigh J.  
 Baatenburg, David L.  
 Bayens, Mary A.  
 Beebe, Martha D.  
 Befus, Raymond E.  
 Berghuis, Charles A.  
 Beversluis, Benjamin  
 Blodgett, James G.  
 Bloem-Klooster, Pat  
 Blom, Rodney B.  
 Boender, Calvin D.  
 Bolt, Cathy M.  
 Borst, Mark W.  
 Brandes, Larry  
 Bratt, Calvin R.  
 Breen, Mary B.  
 Bremer, Rian L.  
 Brink, Paul A.  
 Broersma, John P.  
 Brown, James A.  
 Burnham, Thomas C.  
 Callier, Ricky L.  
 Decker, Marilyn K.  
 DeGier, Jo Anne G.  
 DeJonge, Robert K.  
 DeKoster, Julie D.  
 DeKoter, Danial E.  
 DeLange, David J.  
 DeMaagd, Mary L.  
 Dersch, John A.  
 Deventer, Patricia  
 DeVries, Beth E.  
 DeVries, Douglas J.  
 Deyoung, Craig A.  
 Deyoung, Dawn R.  
 Deyoung, Lynette S.  
 Dik, Glenn A.  
 Door, Curtis J.  
 Drexhage, John R.  
 Dreyer, Roger A.  
 Dunkerton, James S.  
 Dykhouse, Michel  
 Dykman, Christy L.  
 Dyksterhouse, Arlene  
 Dykstra, Thomas M.  
 Edmund, Marcella J.  
 Eelkema, Walter J.  
 Ellens, David L.  
 Ellens, Deborah L.  
 Ericson, Susan D.  
 Faase, Kurt R.  
 Faber, Marc R.  
 Feikens, Beverly J.  
 Feikens, Robert H.  
 Fisher, Joe A.  
 Fryling, Larry M.  
 Fylstra, Robert B.

Gabrielse, Gregory P.  
 Geelhoed, Robert K.  
 Gledermans, Arnold  
 Griffin, Michael L.  
 Griffiths, David M.  
 Gritter, Robert C.  
 Groen, Ronald E.  
 Grownwold, Janice W.  
 Groot, Gayle E.  
 Gruizenga, Alan J.  
 Gysen, Faith  
 Haan, Sheryl L.  
 Haan, Stanley L.  
 Hagedorn-Mulder, Nancy  
 Heerema, Evan P.  
 Hendricson, Wanda L.  
 Herrema, James A.  
 Herrema, Paul H.  
 Hertel, Jane M.  
 Hieftje, Robert M.  
 Hoekstra, Joan M.  
 Hoffman, David L.  
 Hoffman, Stuart A.  
 Hoogeendam, Jasper  
 Huffman, James  
 Huyser, David W.  
 Ibarra, Richard Y.  
 Jonker, Jane M.  
 Jonker, Berend T.  
 Jorgenson, Lee  
 Katerberg, Kenneth  
 Kesteloo, Andrew W.  
 Kievit, David A.  
 Kilmer, Barbara  
 Kingma, Maria S.  
 Kloet, John G.  
 Knaack, Bonnie J.  
 Knoll, Steven R.  
 Knott, Ruth A.  
 Koning, Beverly J.  
 Koning, Susan A.  
 Koole, Thomas J.  
 Koopmans, Betty A.  
 Kooyers, Pamela J.  
 Krikke, James J.  
 Krueger, Janet L.  
 Kuiper, Gary A.  
 Kuntz, Evelyn B.  
 Kwantes, Matthew J.  
 Landman, Barbara A.  
 Lankhorst, Steven H.  
 Layman, Charles S.  
 Leensvaart, Joanne  
 Lemmen, Carol L.  
 Lemmen, Wesley D.  
 Lixey, Donna J.  
 Love, Marjorie L.  
 Luidens, Mary A.  
 Luidens, Thomas J.

Mange, David P.  
 Mange, Kenneth C.  
 Martin, Brian J.  
 McCormick, Dennis L.  
 McCurry, Carol L.  
 McGrath, Timothy J.  
 McKnight, Stacia L.  
 Meekhof, Michael J.  
 Miedema, Linda R.  
 Miller, Katheryn M.  
 Miyamoto, Eugene K.  
 Mol, Edward T.  
 Monsma, Grace E.  
 Mouw, James R.  
 Mouw, Phyllis A.  
 Myers, Kevin L.  
 Naum, Elizabeth A.  
 Nederveld, Paul J.  
 Nelson, Dan J.  
 Nieuwsma, Mary E.  
 Opgenorth, Terry J.  
 Opperwall, Arthur J.  
 Otte, Sharon D.  
 Ottenhoff, Jane E.  
 Pantelides, Leonidas  
 Perebolt, Timothy W.  
 Peterson, Yvonne A.  
 Ponstine, Jack A.  
 Possett Jr., John  
 Pounder, Laura A.  
 Pranger, Daniel C.  
 Proctor, Daniel G.  
 Radomski, Gerald W.  
 Recker, Robert J.  
 Reitsma, Henry V.  
 Rooks, James K.  
 Roskamp, Thomas C.  
 Rottman, John M.  
 Rozendal, James A.  
 Ruis, Dennis A.  
 Rush, Esper M.  
 Russell, Sandra L.  
 Schperkotter, Harold  
 Schelhaas, Anne L.  
 Schreiner, Susan M.  
 Schreur, Martin J.  
 Schrier, Denis J.  
 Schuitema, Linda K.  
 Scott, Harvey L.  
 Selles, William  
 Siebesma, Michael W.  
 Sikkenga, Brian J.  
 Sikkenga, Edwin J.  
 Smith, Jack H.  
 Sportel, Randell J.  
 Spykman, Erik D.  
 Steen, Mary B.  
 Steenstra, Timothy J.  
 Stehouwer, Larry D.

Straayer, Timothy  
 Stravers, Randell C.  
 Stulp, Kevin D.  
 Swanger, Donald J.  
 Sytsma, James A.  
 Talen, James R.  
 Tatgenhorst, Alan R.  
 Teft, Joyce A.  
 TerSteege, Bernice H.  
 Tiejema, Bruce J.  
 Timmerman, Marilyn A.  
 Travis, Philip W.  
 Triezenberg, Nancy J.  
 VandenBosch, Laurel  
 VanDenend, Robert J.  
 VanderBilt, Monty  
 VanderBurgh, Marilyn  
 VanderHeide, Joyce M.  
 VanderHorst, Kurt  
 VanderKam, Judith E.  
 VanderKooi, Ann  
 VanderLugt, Ronald L.  
 VanHamersveld, Steve  
 VanHove, John  
 Vannette, Suzanne E.  
 VanStensel, David C.  
 VantHof, Stephen D.  
 VanVels, Sally A.  
 Van Volkinburg, Kathy  
 VanWyk, Allen L.  
 Veeneman, Gordon J.  
 Venema, Cathy  
 Venema, Susan K.  
 Vermaire, Mark D.  
 Vermeulen, Jan  
 Versluys, William  
 Verwys, Betsy L.  
 Visser, Peter W.  
 Vondiziano, Ina M.  
 Voorman, Daniel L.  
 Vredevoogd, Michael  
 Vriend, Ruth M.  
 Vriesenga, David A.  
 Waenaar, Alexander  
 Walker, Lee I.  
 Wansley, Wanda S.  
 Westerik, Herman  
 Westhouse, Donald J.  
 Wheeler, Patricia J.  
 Wiersma, Mark R.  
 Wilpstra, Nel  
 Wisse, Charles S.  
 Yonkman, John  
 Zeilstra, William G.  
 Zinnen, Herman A.  
 Zoetewey, Jon C.

# THE RECORD

This record could be the most important thing you'll ever hear in your life. In fact this record makes the Bod Book look like a cheap paper insert to a hardcover book. If you got a record you're lucky, only 1,000 were printed. Although our contemporary critics may not smile on us, just as they did not smile on Rembrandt, Van Gogh and

the Allman brothers, we are certain that two hundred years from now there will be cults (relatively few) that will think this record is mildly amusing.

Our special thanks to Drama Guild who wrote, produced and financed, repeat FINANCED, this entire project.







I would like to thank all those who helped out on this book, starting with Brian Martin, Pat VanderHulst, and Judy Thomassen, whose unselfish devotion pulled this hardcover out of the quagmire of our collective subconscious. I would also like to thank Bill VanderRoest and Ron Eskes who kept the darkroom spotlessly clean (cough). The principle photographers for this book were Jill Evans, Stan Baker, Carl Eizinga, and Emily Talen (what she lacks in experience and technique she more than makes up for by being my sister). Other photos were Paul Van Corbach, Chuck Dykstra, Curt Door, Andy Abma, Ben Beversluis, Scott Vorman, Jeff Vanderveen, Hazon Page, John Izenbard, and Beth Ann DePuyt. Lest anyone forget, our mentor was Prof. Howard Van Til. I am especially appreciative to Robert Talsma of Taylor Publishing for being humane about deadlines. His knowledge of yearbook lore is only surpassed by his sincere Christian commitment. Articles for this book were turned by such diverse people as Eric Woltersdorff, Jim Deboe (dorms), Don Sterk (commuters), Linda Bieze (Chimes), Bruce VanDommelen (Senate),

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For those people who helped but for some reason I can't remember, thank you. Every year Prism editors must come to grips with what a yearbook should be. To some it is merely the recording of as many events as they can think of. To others it is the distillation of their view of Calvin. To others the book stands on its own as a visual and literary piece. My own view is a combination of recording events and thought out pieces (however zany they might be). If you don't agree call me: 459-121 (ha ha)

*Gerald A. Talen*

Jerry Tale  
PRISM 77 EDITOR











